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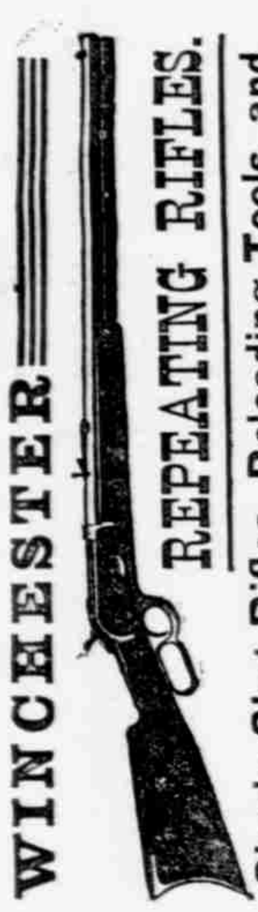
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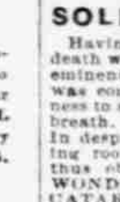


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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

On this blessed Christmas morn,
Come, my little one, to me,
Let me lift you to my knee,
And with loving arms around you
Tell the story o'er again
Of the Christ-child born,
As a Saviour unto men,
To become to you and me
Through His death and agony,
God's own Lamb our souls to win
From the guilt and stain of sin;
God's good Shepherd, at such cost
Come to seek and save the lost!
Say, my darling, has He found you?
Thrown His loving arms around you?
With His saving mercy crowned you?

In that hush of holy time,
When He opened first His eyes
Under glory-kindling skies
On His mother in a manger,
Lo! an angel tells his birth,
Heavenly hosts with song sublime
Chant his welcome unto earth,
Shouting o'er and o'er again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men;"
Giving hope to you and me,
If we would His glory see;
In the fulness of His love
Bringing to His home above!
Darling, be no more a stranger
To this Christ-child of the manger,
He alone can save from danger!

In the light of this glad day
Let us, then, remember Him,
And, while joy is at its brim
Giving many a sweet forewarning
Of the treasures of his love;
As we give our gifts, and pray
For His blessing from above,
Let us lift anew our eyes
To the shining upper skies,
Love Him, fill you and me,
In the blessed time to be,
Through the riches of His grace,
He shall show His shining face.
Will not crowns our heads adorning,
Be, my darling, heaven's forewarning
Of an endless Christmas morning?

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
In the low manger 'mid the hay
Was Christ, the infant Saviour laid,
While, half amazed and half afraid,
His sweet Maid-mother watched the star
Which blazed in the high heaven afar,
And wondered did she wake or dream,
And what these marvels all might mean.
She saw the startled shepherd throng
Obedient to the angel song;
She saw the wise men from afar—
Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar—
Bearing their urns of costly spice,
And gold, and myrrh for sacrifice,
Ride from the desert in, star-led,
And kneel beside her Baby's bed,
And at his feet their offerings lay,
On Christmas Day! on Christmas Day!

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Dear Lord, who once an infant lay
To wondering human eyes displayed
Beside the blessed Mother-maid,
Let us, too, come as once these came,
Our worship and our love the same.
For us let the bright star o'erhead,
The star of Faith, be witnessed;
For us arise the chorus still
Of peace and heavenly good-will;
Be ours the simple trust who heard
And went without a questioning word;
And as they journeyed from afar—
Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar—
Bearing their gifts, so let us bring
The gold of truth unto our King,
The frankincense of prayers that rise,
The myrrh of loving sacrifice,
And at Thy feet our offerings lay,
On Christmas Day! on Christmas Day!

—*Susan Coolidge in Chr. Union.*

A SEASONABLE HAMPER.

A Christmas Story.

If in the dim yellow light of a certain Christmas morning some few years ago a pair of curious eyes had peered into the dressing-room of a set of well-furnished chambers in Piccadilly, they would have seen nothing more remarkable than a tall good-looking gentleman, aged thirty-nine, engaged in the act of shaving.

Nevertheless, there was something note-worthy in that snug little ante-chamber, albeit the aforesaid pair of curious eyes would have been unable to see it. Herbert Pinniger, the gentleman, who was so deftly using his razor, possessed, in common with other ladies and gentlemen, a certain pestilent piece of property called a Conscience. This Conscience he had, like many others of the human race, kept carefully bottled up out of harm's way. But, for some occult reason, on this special Christmas morning the Pinniger Conscience became restless. His restlessness grew and grew, till at length he burst the seals which held him in, and issued forth, terrible and gigantic, like the Genie in the Eastern story of the Fisherman.

But just then Snead discretest of valets, entered, demanding instructions concerning breakfast. A desperate struggle, invisible to the eyes of Snead, ensued, and then the mighty giant was once more reduced to petty dimensions, and forced to re-enter his prison house.

Seated at the trim breakfast table, with cheerful gaslights overhead to counteract the fog, and Snead, noiseless and dexterous, hovering around, ministering to his wants, Mr. Pinniger looked so serene, his spotless linen and well-cut morning coat were so unruffled, that no one could have guessed how furious had been the tussle between himself and that well-intentioned Titan, now securely locked up.

"Any letters, Snead?" demanded Mr. Pinniger, after he had dispatched an egg, a rasher of delicately-flavored bacon, and a morsel of game pie.

He made it a rule never to open letters until he had eaten part of his breakfast. If the news conveyed in them was pleasant, it could wait; if unpleasant, it must not be suffered to derange his appetite.

Snead handed to his employer the letters on a tray.

Before opening them, Mr. Pinniger said: "Where's the *Times*?"

"Not come yet, sir," replied Snead, "Bein' Christmas Day, I presume the newsboy is disorganized."

"Confound Christmas Day!" muttered his master. "You needn't wait, Snead." And then proceeded to open his letters.

They were not precisely the sort of letters which most of us would care to receive on Christmas morning, when the joy-bells were welcoming the Birthday of the Child who came bearing a message of peace from Heaven to Earth. But then business is business, and Mr. Pinniger's business produced letters which were not always of an agreeable character. Mr. Pinniger was not a professional money-lender, but he was fond of all kinds of speculation, and, among other speculations, he now and then lent money.

The first letter which he opened was written in pallid ink, and in that angular rather illegible hand which some thirty years ago was deemed the correct hand for ladies. It was very diffuse in style, and was actually crossed, an absolute crime in these days of cheap paper and cheap postage. Mr. Pinniger glanced over it, and then with a grunt of impatience tossed it into the fire. It was from a widow lady, who kept a struggling school in one of the western suburbs of London, and to whom Mr. Pinniger, on the security of her furniture and other property, had made sundry pecuniary advances. She now asked for an extension of time to pay the instalment which was due, and she even hinted that a further advance would be acceptable, an outbreak of scarletina having caused a stampede among her pupils. The letter concluded with a sentimental appeal about "this festive season, when all hearts should be light and gay." "Lightness and gaiety be hanged!" growled her creditor. "Why didn't she think of this before she borrowed my money?"

The second letter was thoroughly legible, being in that stiff upright hand affected by lawyers' clerks. It was in fact from Mr. Pinniger's solicitors, Messrs. Doublewaite, Ferret and Sharpe, and informed him that, in accordance with his instructions, they had levied a distress on the goods and chattels of Mr. David De Kay, watch escapement maker, of Bezil Street, Clerkenwell, E. C. "Poor devil!" murmured Mr. Pinniger, in a tone of contemptuous pity. "I ought never to have let him have a farthing. I ought to have seen that he was on the road to ruin."

Mr. Pinniger's meditations were interrupted by the reappearance of Snead. "If you please, sir, the Parcel's Delivery, apologizing for delay caused by Christmas——"

"Confound Christmas!" muttered Mr. Pinniger with warmth.

"Has brought an 'amper."

"Bring it upstairs, spread a cloth on the carpet, and open it here."

"I am glad not to be altogether forgotten," he soliloquised. "Bachelors, even when well-to-do, are apt to be neglected at this season." This with a sigh. "But, after all, I daresay," he added bitterly, "it comes from some fellow who wants to soft-sawder me; who baits with a sprat to catch a whale."

Presently Snead reappeared with the hamper in his arms. He panted genteelly, as one who was unaccustomed to vulgar burdens.

"From the weight, and the heffluvia, sir, I should guess it was a brace of pheasants and an 'are."

"Don't guess, but open it," observed his master dryly.

Thus admonished, the valet knelt down, and began to unfasten the string which secured the hamper. Beneath, there was an abundant layer of straw, and when this had been taken out, the Christmas present became partly visible. Although an animal, it was neither pheasant, partridge, grouse or hare; indeed, except in a far-fetched sense, it could not be described as game at all.

It would need the pencil of a skilled artist to do justice to Mr. Snead's face as he cautiously drew forth the carcass of a large black cat which had evidently been deceased for many days, and around whose neck a label was tied bearing the following inscription:—

"A seasonable gift for Mr. H. Pinniger. May he receive many such. He deserves them."

Snead's face was, as aforesaid, a study for a painter. Chastened wrath, with a dignified compassion for the employer who had thus been slighted, were there skilfully combined. But whether, when safely ensconced in his pantry, this discreetest of valets sniggered over the coarse practical joke is a matter with which this history need not concern itself. The only words he uttered were:

"It's downright insultin'."

"Take it away, Snead," said his master calmly, "but preserve the hamper, the address-card, and the label. They may be useful as a clue to identification."

Snead went away feeling really humiliated. Coming upstairs he believed that he was carrying a gift worthy of a prince, now he knew that he was bearing downstairs a repulsive piece of carrion.

As soon as he left the room, Pinniger rose softly and locked the door. Then he seated himself at the table, burying his hands. When he uncovered his face, his eyelids were red, and there was a visible moisture on his cheeks. The strong stern man had evidently shed tears.

"God help me!" he murmured. "I have not a friend in the world. Every one hates me, and I deserve to be hated."

After a while he became calmer, and going to his bureau, unlocked a drawer, from which he drew forth his Private Ledger, a volume which had often fascinated and absorbed him. In old days those who were fond of money loved to feel the touch and hear the chink of the actual coin. Modern refinement is satisfied with a less coarser device, and the perusal of our ledger balances serves in lieu of handling bags of gold and silver.

But on this occasion the volume sacred to the worship of Plutus had lost its charm, and once more Pinniger covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud, "Hated by every one."

Then occurred a memorable scene. Once more the imprisoned giant, Conscience, burst forth resistless from his casket, and stood face to face with his owner.

Soon afterwards Snead was summoned by his master's bell.

"Snead, I want the A B C Guide."

The valet silently placed it before him.

"The service of trains on Christmas Day is, I think, the same as on Sunday?"

"Precisely as on Sunday, sir."

"I shall not dine at home. Pack my small portmanteau, and have a handsome at the door for the 1:45 train from Waterloo."

"Very good, sir," replied Snead, as imperturbably as if he had been asked to replenish the fire from the coal-scuttle.

But his imperturbability was merely external, and on retiring to his own domain he commenced thus with himself:

"What hever's hup with the governor? It's all along of that beastly cat."

On Christmas Day the train services are apt to be "dishorganized," as Mr. Snead would say, and, therefore, Mr. Pinniger did not reach Firling Station till late. It was three miles to Hazledean, but as all the flies had been pre-engaged by holiday makers, he decided to walk, hiring a boy to carry his portmanteau. In such unpretending style did the rich brother go to visit the poor one.

As he tramped in silence by the side of his rustic attendant his heart quaked with an indescribable sense of fear and anxiety. "It is five years since I saw him, three years since we exchanged letters, but if he spurns me, I shall do something desperate."

Presently they emerged from the darkness of the road among the lights of the village of Hazledean, and a few moments later the rays of a red lamp disclosed a door bearing a brass plate.

"This here be Dr. Pinniger's," proclaimed the urchin.

The bell was answered by a neatly-dressed maiden servant.

"Can I see Dr. Pinniger?"

"He is at dinner with some friends, sir."

"I wish to see him on business, but I will wait his leisure."

Thereupon Herbert Pinniger was ushered by the maid servant into her master's consulting room while the boy was bidden to wait with the portmanteau in the hall. Presently a heavy step was heard in the passage, and then the door was opened. John Pinniger, though only seven years senior to his brother, looked almost old enough to be his father. The younger brother was slender, spruce, preserved and well dressed; the elder was stout, red-faced, grey-bearded, and somewhat slovenly in his apparel. The hard work and exposure of a country doctor's life tends both to make him look prematurely old and to be careless about his outward appearance.

Herbert Pinniger had purposely seated himself in the darkest corner of the room, as his brother entered saying in a hearty voice, "Sorry, sir, to keep you waiting, but being Christmas Day, I have a little party of friends, and——" As the visitor made no response, he continued, after a pause. "Do you wish to consult me professionally?"

"Scarcely that," began Herbert, and then relapsed into silence.

"Good heavens! I know that voice. Why, you're Bertie, my brother Bertie, Bertie, how are you?" And the Doctor advanced, holding out both his hands.

"Do you mean to say that you are ready to take my hand?"

"Ready? Of course I am. Why, if brothers are not to shake hands with brothers on Christmas Night of all nights in the year, the world must have come to a pretty pass."

"John, you see before you a ruined man."

"Ruined! Then that is all the more reason, Bertie, why I should shake your hand. Nay, don't shrink, man." And John seized both his brother's hands in a hearty grip. "Ruined?" he continued, "but how much ruined? A few thousands gone in some risky speculation, or everything lost?"

"You shall hear presently. But first tell me this. Can you forgive me for causing your father to alter his will?"

"That, at all events, I can freely and frankly forgive. Bertie, it was the making of me. By nature I am lazy, and if I had got what as eldest son I expected to get, I should have been lazy to the end of the chapter. Whereas, being urged on by Poverty and Love, I took to hard work, and I have thriven on it. Poor old dad did me a right down good turn when he left me £500, and no more. It just served to buy this partnership, and when Buckler, my senior partner, goes the way of all flesh—he is close on eighty—I shall have the whole practice to myself. So don't fear, Bertie; I can give you a helping hand now you are down on your luck."

"John, your words pierce my heart. I shall never forget this."

"Tut tut," replied the Doctor, cheerily. "But there is one thing you do forget, namely, that this is Christmas Day, and that I am neglecting my guests in the dining room."

"True. Go back to them, and leave me here."

"What! Leave you alone on Christmas night! Never." But on second thought, he added, in a graver tone, "[illegible] to-night be an awkwardness in meeting some of the company. I cannot answer for the other people's forgiveness."

"Name them."

"My eldest daughter, Mrs. Rowbotham, and her husband."

"My old clerk. I doubt if he will care to see me. Who else?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Roseburn, and their daughter Ada."

"My old sweetheart, to whom I behaved like a villain. Go, John, go. I could not bear it. Besides, I should come like a hideous ghost upon your merry party. But let me stay the night here, John," he added, almost beseechingly.

"This night, and every night, Bertie, if it so please you."

"Shall you tell them I am ruined?"

"Not unless you wish it."

"Perhaps they will be softened if they hear I am ruined, and will be more inclined to forgive me. But say, John, one moment. From this hour I want to turn over a new leaf, and therefore I mustn't begin with any lies. I am not ruined."

"Not ruined, Bertie?"

"Not in the sense in which you understood me. I am bankrupt in happiness, penniless in love, poverty stricken of friends, but I am not poor of purse. Go and tell them, Julia and Rowbotham, tell Ada Roseburn"—here his voice faltered—"tell them all that Herbert Pinniger has had his eyes opened this Christmas Day, that, though rich in pocket, he had not till you, John took his hand, a single friend in the world, and that he seeks their forgiveness."

* * *

Was it a dream! Did he really make that Christmas journey to Hazledean; or did he fall asleep in his chair in Piccadilly after consulting the A B C Guide? There is some vagueness about this portion of Herbert Pinniger's history, but it is a clear and undoubted-matter-of-fact that during the ensuing New Year the following events took place. First, old Mr. Buckler, moved by powerful pecuniary considerations, retired from practice in favor of his junior partner, John Pinniger. Secondly, Mrs. John Pinniger was seen driving a pair of admirably-matched ponies in a very comfortable chaise. Thirdly, Mr. Rowbotham, hitherto unable to do much for want of capital, has found a capitalist, and is in consequence, carrying on a flourishing business. Fourthly, the impecunious schoolmistress at Chiswick has met with a friend who put her financially straight, and who hopes that (barring scarlatina and measels) she will do well in the future. Fifthly, Adam Roseburn, Esq., formerly of Manchester, regained a large sum of money which he lost some years ago in a cotton speculation, and lastly, the following appeared among the list of marriages in the *Times*: "On the 3d June, at St. Mary's, Hazledean, by the Rector, the Rev. T. Twynam, Herbert Pinniger, Esq., of Piccadilly and Shepperson, to Ada, youngest daughter of Adam Roseburn, Esq.

On the following Christmas Eve the newly married couple were engaged together in examining the contents of a hamper which had just arrived. Then the husband took his wife by the hand, and kissed her. "My darling," he said, gravely, "I cannot feel so thankful to the sender of these good things as I do that unknown benefactor who last year presented me with the—cat! It was like a fairy tale. That objectionable hamper in reality contained a charming wife and all the happiness I now enjoy."

Mild Species of Black-Mail.

The other day at the Neuilly Fair in the environs of Paris, a tall Bohemian, emaciated and in rags, went about from table to table before the cafes and restaurants under the trees with a violin under his arm. The majority of the guests preferred to give him a couple of sous to having their conversations interrupted.

At one table, however, he came upon a stout gentleman, who, being fond of music, signed to him to go on and play. The poor fellow did not move. The stout gentleman insisted. At last the beggar took his violin from under his arm and showed his would-be patron it had no strings.

"What do you carry it about with you for if it has no strings?" asked the astonished amateur.

"Monsier," replied the beggar with a philosophical acuteness of definition that would have done credit to an Academician, "it is not an instrument, it is only a threat!"

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed throat
The cannon thunder from the moat,
And with the sound
It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stone of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bent my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
For hate is strong,
And mocks the song,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—*Longfellow.*

JACK'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

Story for the Young.

It was Christmas-eve. A good old-fashioned Christmas too, every one said, but Jack Turner shook his head.

"It's all very well to have plenty of snow and ice when you can stay indoors with your feet on the fender, or put on furs when you want to go out," he said to his mother; "but when you haven't a fire, and have to wear the same smock that you wore in the summer, it's quite different."

"Never mind, Jack," said the widow brightly; "I'm going to take this dress home this evening; and if you go to bed early you will keep pretty warm, and I'll bring in some coals and a nice little bit of meat for to-morrow."

"No plum-pudding, mother?" said Jack, and then he hung his head, ashamed that he had added to his mother's burden by letting her see what most troubled him just then. He was only a boy of twelve, and cold toes and thin clothing seemed very little compared to the misery of a Christmas without a pudding.

"I'll see, Jack, what I can do," said Mrs. Turner as she folded up the dress. "You see the money will have to last us many days, for I shall not get any more work till after the holidays are over. Cheer up, my boy; we have had a hard life of it since your father died, but please God we will have a brighter Christmas next year. Try and bear the disappointment bravely, my boy, for the sake of the Saviour who did so much for us."

"I'd like to do some grand thing, mother; it can't matter much what I think about our plum-pudding, and I'm so hungry that I think after all I'd rather have an extra lump of bread and meat."

"That's what we all say, Jack. We all want to do great things; and yet if we are not faithful in little things how can we ever hope to do the great ones? Do you remember the two lines your father used to say so often?—

"Do the thing that's nearest, though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet them, lame dogs over stiles."

"Now, whilst I am out, just you think whether you can help any one; of course, it doesn't mean only dogs, it means any one in difficulty or danger. And now good-night, my boy, for I hope you will be fast asleep when I come back. There is some bread and cheese in the cupboard."

Jack got out the bread and cheese, and began to eat it; then, as the bells of the village church burst into a joyful peal, he went to the door and looked out. The snow was thick on earth and tree, and the moon shed a silvery light upon all. At the end of the garden was a pigeon-house which Mr. Turner had built many years before, when his business was prospering, and a long illness had not chained his purse.

"You poor little pigeons," said Jack aloud; "I expect you have more to grumble at than I have, for I don't believe you can pick up any food now, and I forgot all about you."

Then he scattered a big piece of his bread just before the pigeon-house, and thought how pleased the birds would be in the morning.

"Halloa! Jack, is that you?" said a cheery voice. "Do you feel inclined for a moonlight trip? I've lost one of my sheep, and what's worse still, I've lost Dash."

It was Farmer White, who was very glad to have the chance of a companion in his search. Jack was very fond of Dash, who had often gone for walks with him when the sheep were safely folded, and he was very sorry to hear that it was more than four-and-twenty hours since anything had been seen of him.

"I expect something went wrong with the sheep, and Dash is staying near it," said the farmer, as they walked quickly over the crisp snow. "The worst of it is that he would die of starvation before he would move from his post, if he has found the sheep."

Just then a gust of wind blew the sound of the bells towards them, and the farmer went on.

"A fine thing it is, too, to be tramping like this on a Christmas-eve after a lost sheep and a lost dog. And yet it isn't so bad after all, for it was at Christmas that the good Lord Jesus came into the world to save us, who had strayed from the fold like poor silly sheep that we were."

They walked on, occasionally whistling loudly, till at last the farmer began to lose heart: "It's no good going any farther."

"No, no; let us try a little longer. Let me call him, and you listen said Jack."

Suddenly, through the silence, there came the very echo of a bark, so far away and weak it sounded. But it was enough to put new life into the two searchers, and they stepped out bravely over the crisp snow as if they had only just started.

Then at last they came upon a sad, sad sight. Poor Dash sat by a mound of snow, so cold and exhausted that he could hardly move even when his master put an arm around him; and poor Jack, over tired and excited, shed warm tears on his poor patient face.

"The sheep is under that mound, you may be sure; but we can't dig it up to-night."

"Oh, yes we can," said Jack, forgetful of all fatigue; and together they worked with the spade which the farmer had brought, till they touched the sheep, and found that it was quite dead. It had probably fallen down exhausted or hurt, and then been covered by the heavy fall of snow.

It was past two o'clock when they reached Mrs. Turner's. She had heard from a neighbor that her son was with Mr. White, hunting for his dog, but was getting just a little bit anxious about him.

"So you found something to do?" she said, as the boy dropped into a chair, and fell to devouring the food which she had prepared for him.

"Indeed he has," said Farmer White, who still stood on the threshold, while Jack gave Dash some bread. "If it hadn't been for him, I should have turned back, and lost my dog. Come over and see me in the morning, Jack. But it's morning now, I declare! Well, good-night, and a Merry Christmas to you both."

Jack slept until ten o'clock on Christmas-day, and the moment he had had his breakfast, he would go over to Farmer White's to see Dash. Mrs. White, who had heard all about the night's work, gave him a nice bowl of bread and milk to take to Dash, who had persisted in leaving the kitchen to have a drink at a pump trough, which was of course frozen hard. There was not a happier boy in the village that morning than Jack, when the dog turned round and covered his face and hands with grateful caresses.

"Look here, my lad," said the farmer as Jack turned to go home. "You just bring your mother over here to dinner; and I tell you what—I'll give you for a Christmas-box that little cottage that stands by Marlstone Wood. That will save you rent. And if you like to work on the farm, you shall; for I do like a boy who is ready to help any one."

Christmas for the Aged.

Make the Christmas a glad time for the aged. Let each child, even the baby, have his little tribute to bring. Let the dear old heart know that its own gift, however simple, is prized and expected by every one of the household band. Help the trembling hands that may have grown slow to fashion the dainty miracles of needle-work. Keep all the secrets of what she is going to give to this, that or the other friend. Go patiently on the shopping jaunts, even if the feet are slow, and the eyes take a great deal of time in searching for "just the right thing." Alas for the day when grandmother is no longer here to do for us or to be done for! Let us remember how surely that day is coming nearer; and that, to make her thoroughly happy and conscious of how dear and necessary she is, is our only way of beguiling the angel to linger in the home.

As the truest joy comes from the consciousness of power to bless, so the more fully we convince the aged of the blessing they are to us, through their experience and their presence, and through their angelhood, that has so often been born in their sorrows, the more we shall really minister to them. They are often afraid of becoming useless, conscious of failing powers, fearful of being in the way, or casting a shadow on the household mirror. See to it, dear young friends, that on this of all days of the year they be made to know how much we love and need the light of the faded faces, and assure them by every gentle attention that Christmas would not be Christmas without the "angel in the house."—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

Christmas Waifs and Strays.

A green Christmas makes a lean livery-man.

Dressing a Christmas tree cannot make it look any more spruce.

Capital presents for Christmas or any other time—Presence of mind.

If the children ask how Santa Claus get down the chimney, tell them he flue down in his winter soot.

Now that Christmas is approaching it is a good time for young men to watch the girl. Let it be a gold watch, however.

This is the time of the year at which a man gives his wife money in order that she may be surprised with a Christmas present.

Have faith in Santa Claus, and hang up your stocking. He has never been known to steal one, even if he didn't put anything in it.

"Name a clause in our National Constitution," said a teacher just before Christmas. "Santa Claus!" shouted a happy-eyed urchin.

"If old Santa Claus comes down the chimney he must be a sooty fellow," said Tommy. "Well, he just suits me, any way," chimed in Charlie.

The man who presented his wife last Christmas with a dinner-kettle in which to put up his dinner on workday mornings is puzzled to determine what gift would be most appropriate this year. He has almost decided upon a brier-wood pipe for his wife to fill for him during future hours of recreation at home.

The Tramp's Paradise.

"Probably no city is so tramp-ridden as our blessed city of New York," writes a complaining correspondent to the *New York Evening Post*. "It is their paradise. All they ask is to be let alone. They are a study. We treat them delicately! We want more parks. *They* want more parks. We want more places of recreation for the people. Try it; walk through one of them. Try Union Square. Well kept walks, trees, flowers, and, if we could afford it, a fountain! Then see the rows upon rows of idle men, some asleep, some awake, all able to smoke, to chew, to spit! If you are a woman, be careful for your garments; if you are weary, find a decent place, *if you can*. Go even to Central Park and hear decent women, ladies, complain that every seat is filled with men, if not tramps, and so defiled with spittle (we use plainness of speech) that any chance vacant seat is made impossible to them (we all know also that in spite of care and vigilance there are parts that are unsafe). However, the tramp enjoys it, and monopolizes the benefits of the liberality of our people. He is the true monopolist, for he makes himself unapproachable."

The Christmas Anthem.

"Peace on earth and good will to men." Such is the anthem rung out by the wild Christmas bells "to the wild sky," and yet what weird tidings fall almost simultaneously on the listening ear. The world seems to be receding farther and farther from the enthronement of a millennial king—civilization, with all its imperial blendings of scientific and philosophic triumphs, is infinitely more perplexed than ever it was. Wars and rumors of wars are evidently ripening the minds of men for a very new state of things. But the rudest shock of all is that which is administered to transcendentalism. The old sway which it once held on men's minds has been most effectually weakened and loosened.—Still the Christmas bells will go on ringing—

"Those evening bells—those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells!"

Yes! and how many a tale they leave untold! Stories, the depths of whose meaning will one day be known in all their fulness, perhaps in that good time coming, when the Christmas bells will in every accepted and pleasurable sense of the word, "Ring out the false—ring in the true."

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

"Papa, what are the bells ringing for?"

"They are the church bells, dear boy; to-morrow will be Christmas day."

"Papa," continued the dying child, in a faint reproachful voice, "you never told me about Christmas; but mamma did, and read to me about the Child in the manger, and I know—I know—O, papa, it is all dark—will it ever be Christmas morning?"

The strong man bowed his head over the small, cold hand he held in his and the hot tears fell upon it. The child moved restlessly and in pain on his pillows, looking from one kind face to the other and again listening to the faint chimes of the bells, as they rung out now far, now near, like voices in the sky. The kind old doctor gave him a spoonful of the cordial that moistened the feverish lips. When the last paroxysm of deadly pain had passed, the child turned his bright—too bright—eyes towards his father, but their pupils were so dilated he could not see him plainly.

"Papa, are the bells calling me? They seem to say, Come, Charlie! Is it that, and what do they mean?"

"Charlie," said the grave old doctor, bending with a kind and gracious face over the dying boy, "you know there was once a Child born in a manger on Christmas Eve; He came to tell us a lot of a beautiful home where you will not have any pain or be sick or sorry any more; He loves little children, and they are His, and if you go to sleep to-night and waken in that beautiful home where he is, it will only be a little while before mamma and papa will be there with you. Just say your little good night prayer, my boy, and go to sleep, and you will find it morning when you awake."

"Christmas morning?" asked the child feebly. "I—wonder what Santa Claus will bring—papa—if—I—am gone—give—all my—presents—to some poor child—in—a—manger—because—he—won't have—any—"

"Yes dear boy" and then father and mother bent over him for he was smiling brightly. What he saw they could not see—what he heard they could not hear—his eyes were fixed—the breath fluttered on his lips.

"Oh," he said, softly with a smile of infinite peace, "they did want me—it's the bells' voices—come Charlie, come Charlie—and the children too—they're—coming—oh papa—mamma—it's Christmas morning!"

The miserable shadow stole along the streets in the very echo of the bells that rung out "Peace on earth, good will to men," and in its arm it carried another shadow, a gaunt spectre of want and woe.

These two had done no wrong, yet there was not a hand uplifted to help them. The mother heart under the rags of poverty had failed at last, and given up the great struggle for daily bread—sickness had done its worst—the wedding ring had gone from her finger that her child might have medicines—but he had wasted away beneath her anxious eyes day by day, hour by hour, and that was but a waxen emblem of humanity she held in her thin arms. Where she was going in her mad flight she had no definite idea; but it seemed as if the Christmas bells had driven her mad, and she had crept out of her wretched garret, her brain on fire with a desperate longing to get somewhere beyond it all. She had passed a church where the children were singing, in white robes, and a Christmas tree shed a hundred lights and glistened with the beauty of a hundred surprises for children who had enough and to spare—her boy had nothing—and then the sweet glad voices, of the little children in the white robes rung out soft and clear:

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind."

"Not to us, baby," said a voice outside. "It only means people who have homes and money. Glad tidings are not for such as us," and she went on, not knowing or caring where, and then the wonderful instinct of self preservation became strong again, and she resolved to do what she had never done before—beg.

So she waited until the good minister came out, well wrapped up and warm from the comfortable glow of the Christmas carols, and the giving and receiving of Christmas presents, and as he stepped into the streets humming in a soft tone—

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring."

She stepped before him like the dark shadow she was, and asked humbly for an alms to keep her and her child from starving, and he who had talked so to his people about the Christ of Bethlehem, said in a sharp, cold voice, "There are charitable homes for the deserving poor, I cannot encourage professional beggars," and waved her aside with his hand.

Then she sat for a long time on the front steps of a splendid house listening to the bells and idly thinking that they said "To the river," "To the river;" and then the door opened and she hid in the railings, as shadows do, as two men came out. One was bareheaded and looked up to the stars:

"Oh!" he said in a voice of terrible grief, "it cannot be that Charlie is dead. It cannot be!"

"No," said the other, in a calm, grave tone, "Charlie lives; after a few to-morrows you will see him."

And so one went away, and the other, with a great sob, went in and shut the door.

Then the shadow arose and went softly up the steps, and laid a light burden wrapped in a thin shawl, on the door-sill, and for a moment looked up to the sky that swam and was blurred, and down to the earth that was reeling, and with one swift sudden deal rang the silver-handled bell and was gone.

Years have come and gone since then, and again the Christmas chimes are ringing, and an excited boy choirster, with fair curls and eyes of heaven's own blue, has come home and is telling all about the singing and Christmas trees, and he says as his mother takes off his wraps: "I'm to sing a solo to-morrow, the minister said so, and, papa, my skates were on the tree and just fitted a boy who hadn't any, and I gave brother Charlie's cap to Jim, the coal boy, and he said 'Thankee sir,' and all the children from the 'sylum are coming up to-morrow to Charlie's feast, and won't it make them happy to get so many nice things from Santa Claus? and mamma's going to tell them stories about Christmas."

And this was the boy the shadow had carried half-dead with cold and hunger in her arms and left at the rich man's door with a prayer from the heart of a dying mother, and the child had blessed them from that hour when he came like Charlie's angel and pleaded for entrance to their hearts and they had accepted him at last in memory of their boy who had gone.

A SMALL FAVOR.

"Ethel, do you love me?" he inquired in a hasty, eager manner.

"I have often told you so," was the reply.

"Then prove it now."

"How can I?"

"Change your face powder. The kind you use now almost invariably makes me sick."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - DEC. 23, 1887.

"THE simple and plain duty which we owe the people is to reduce taxation to the necessary expenses of an economical operation of the Government, and to restore to the business of the country the money which we hold in the treasury through the perversion of govermental powers."—GROVER CLEVELAND.

JOSEPH P. KNIGHT, who has been stealing from the Manufacturers' National Bank of Philadelphia for over twenty years, has just been detected. The vigilance of the bank officials in thus putting an end to his speculations within a comparatively short space of time after he began them deserves all praise. Such promptness is rarely characteristic of bank directors.

FORTY officials and clerks of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad have been suspended pending an investigation into the ticket accounts of the road at the office at Pittsburg. It is hinted that bogus tickets have been issued, that many employees knew of and abetted the fraud, and that the company is the loser by thousands of dollars. The company as yet, however, makes no accusation against any employee.

DURING the last Presidential campaign E. L. Harper, of the lately wrecked Fidelity Bank, of Cincinnati, swore that if Cleveland was elected he would go out of business. Harper has recently not only gone out of business, but has also gone to the Ohio penitentiary for ten years for stealing the deposits of the bank and sinking them in wheat speculations. Harper can now look back upon his career and regard his remark as literally prophetical.

THE usual holiday recess was taken by both houses of Congress yesterday to meet again on Wednesday, January 4th. As congress met on Monday, December 5th, and as no business worth mentioning has yet been transacted, it will be seen that when it reassembles a full month will have been wasted. This custom has lasted so long and its injurious effects have become so apparent, that it is wonderfully strange that no successful effort has been made to change the time for the meeting of Congress.

THERE is one thing in regard to the Message of President Cleveland says the Philadelphia *Record*, which has not failed to make a great impression on the public mind. None can pretend that this message was dictated or inspired in the slightest respect by a spirit of subserviency to Monopoly and Special Privilege. It is an appeal from the greed of monopoly and Government favoritism to the public judgment and conscience. It is, in short, the confident and trustful invocation of a man of the people themselves. Therein consists the mighty influence which it is destined to exercise.

BETWEEN 1868 and the adoption of the new Constitution of this State in 1873, the limit of damages which could be recovered from a railroad company for the loss of a life on its tracks was $5,000. The new Constitution abolished this limit, leaving the sum to the discretion of the jury and the court. In the trial of a recent case in Philadelphia against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in which $50,000 was claimed for the loss of a husband, the Company set up the plea, that in as much as it had accepted the Act of Assembly of 1868 but had not accepted the Railroad provisions of the Constitution, a greater amount than $5,000 could not be recovered against it. The point was overruled by the Court.

BLAIR, of New Hampshire, the irrepressible crank of the United States Senate, has reported favorably from the Committee on Education his favorite hobby known as the "Blair Educational bill," which appropriates *seventy-nine* millions of dollars for educational purposes among the several States. This vicious measure passed the Senate at its last Session, not because a majority of that body was honestly in favor of it, but simply because it was desirable to get rid of it and throw the responsibility for its defeat either on the House or the President. It was not acted on by the House and must therefore go through the process of resurrection in the Senate. If this Blair scheme ever reaches Cleveland it is as certain as fate that he has a veto rod in pickle for it.

THE Republican National Executive Committee met at Washington week before last and decided that the Republican National Convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President, should meet at Chicago on the 19th of June next. It has heretofore been the custom of the Democratic National Executive Committee to meet at Washington on the 22d of February and fix upon the place and time for holding the National Convention, and we presume that the custom will be adhered to in regard to the Convention to be held some time next summer. Samuel Dickie, Chairman of the National Prohibition Committee, issued a call on Monday last for the National Convention of that party to be held at Indianapolis, on Wednesday, the 6th day of June next, to nominate a National ticket.

THE Republican papers of the Northwest insist that there should be no division on the question of internal revenue and customs tax reduction on party lines. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, a well-known Republican organ, in its issue of Saturday last says:

"To make it a party question is impossible. If Mr. Cleveland had suggested measures looking in any way toward free trade, then his message would have been rejected by a great majority of our people. But expressing as it does, views no more radical than those found in recommendations of Republican officials and explicitly contained in both local and national platforms of the Republican party, there can be no division on the party line. Unwise attempts to befog this issue of tariff reform are doomed to failure, since they can arise only from misrepresentation of the facts.

THE erratic "Tom" Marshall, of Kentucky, was one of the most eloquent men who was ever sent to Congress from that or any other State. He served in the House with John Quincy Adams fifty years ago, and those who are old enough well recollect the memorable debate which took place between the "Nestor" from Massachusetts and the "Hotspur" from Kentucky, on the abstract right of petition asking Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. It was admitted that Adams had the best of the argument, but he acknowledged that he never before met a man so worthy of his steel as Marshall. Marshall's besetting infirmity was an ever craving thirst for whisky. Soon after he entered Congress he determined to reform and joined a Martha Washington Society, the name then given to temperance organizations at Washington and elsewhere. In one of his speeches before the society in which he described the gradual, but sure steps by which he became a confirmed drunkard, he soared to the highest pinnacle of eloquence and concluded as follows: Sir: I would not change the physical sensations the conscious sense of animal being, which belong to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure, the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning, the sweet repose it yields him at night, the feeling with which he drinks in, through his clear eyes, the beauty and the grandeur of surrounding nature; I say, sir, I would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man, the sense of renovated youth, the glad play with which my pulses now beat healthful music, the bounding vivacity with which the life-blood courses its way thorugh every fibre of my frame, the communion high which my healthful ear and eye now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God, the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky, the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of the earth, the music of the air, and of the waters; with all the grand associations of external nature re-opened to the fine avenues of sense; no, sir, though poverty dog me, though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed, though want and destitution and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day; not for the brightest and the noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow; not if some angel commissioned by heaven or some demon sent fresh from hell to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time and earth can give would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and horrors which once beset my path. So help me heaven, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer and live and die as I am, poor but sober.

A CONGRESSIONAL contest of more than usual importance is that of Judge Robert Lowry, Democrat, against James B. White, Republican, from the Twelfth Indiana District. The Republicans having a majority of one in the delegation from that State have control of *Twenty* States in the House, just the necessary number to elect a President in case the election should be thrown into the House. Should Lowry be given White's seat it would turn the Indiana delegation over to the Democrats, and although it would not give them sufficient States to elect, it would reduce the Republican States to *nineteen*, which is one *less* than the necessary number. The result would be that the House could not elect a President at the next session should the people fail to do so. Lowry does not claim to have been counted out, or that fraudulent votes were cast for White. He bases his claim for the seat to the fact, as he alleges, that White was born in Scotland. It seems that this objection to White's eligibility was urged against him during the campaign in 1886 and that on the day before the election he made application before the court and was admitted to full citizenship. Lowry meets this with the statement that White's naturalization on the day before the election still leaves him ineligible, as the law requires a Congressman to have been seven years a citizen prior to his election. If that old political sinner Thaddeus Stevens, was now in Congress with a Republican majority behind him he would settle the question in favor of White, as he settled so many similar disputes during the dark days of reconstruction, by asking the simple question, "What is *our* man's name?" and then bulldoze the committee on elections to report accordingly. Stevens is not now in the House, however, and contested seats are disposed of in quite a different manner.

AT THE funeral of the Chicago assassins, which took place finally on Sunday, Captain Black, who was their chief counsel, delivered a remarkable funeral oration, in which he had the audacity to compare his murderous clients to Jesus Christ. He drew a pathetic and generally truthful picture of the life and death of Christ, and undertook to show that the anarchists had also died as martyrs die. It is amazing that an intelligent man should permit himself to indulge in such nonsense. The anarchists were infidels. They had plotted for months against society and instigated the murder of the policemen simply because they were the representatives of the law. They were opposed to law and order, but had no substitute to offer for existing government. They drew their inspiration from the beer keg and the whisky bottle. Some of them were convicts across the sea, and all were men of violence and blood. The man who compares these murderous scoundrels to the Man of Nazareth, who counseled obedience to existing authority, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, who never resorted to force, who died with a prayer for his enemies upon his lips, is a fool or a knave.

THE Republicans are still in search of a candidate who can beat Cleveland in New York next year.

The Men--The Issue.

It is conceded on all sides that Grover Cleveland and James G. Blaine will be their respective party leaders in the contest of next year, and each has selected his line of battle. The men and the issue are practically accepted.

Mr. Cleveland would be more than human if, after serving a term in the Presidency, he did not accept a proffered nomination for re-election, and Mr. Blaine would be more than human if he did not accept a proffered renomination that gave a chance to retrieve his defeat of 1884. The Republic has never yet produced a man who preferred to retire from the White House at the end of one term, or whose appetite for Presidential honors was not whettled by a defeat. Greater men than either Cleveland or Blaine have fretted their lives away over the disappointments of Presidential ambition.

The men are, therefore, decided upon for 1888, and both have presented their respective causes to the people, and thereby framed the issue on which the battle is to be fought between the political gladiators of 1884. When Cleveland presented his platform of revenue reduction to Congress and the country, Mr. Blaine promptly responded from beyond the seas, defining the issue as he interpreted it and virtually challenging Cleveland to the combat. Whether he would have said just what he did say, had he been in Washington or in Maine during the last six months may be doubted; but he has flung his glove into the ring and he is there to stay.

Could Mr. Blaine persuade the country to accept his interpretation of Mr. Cleveland's message on the tariff, he would have an easy victory; but he either had not read the message or chose not to understand its plain teaching when he assumed that he was accepting a battle against free trade. There is not an important paragraph of the President's message that does not emphasize the necessity of reducing tariff duties in harmony with the positive protection of American labor, and how can that be harmonized with free trade? Will Mr. Blaine propose to carry the protection principle beyond the protection of labor? If so, he plunges headlong into monoply just when the country is exceptionally sensitive about the growth and oppression of monoply; if not, wherein will Mr. Blaine and Mr. Cleveland differ? Both agree to reduce revenues; both agree to protect labor, and how is the issue to serve Mr. Blaine unless he demands the continuance of a measure of so called protection that grievously oppresses labor?

Mr. Blaine was the forerunner of Mr. Cleveland in demanding that coal, salt and other raw materials should be put on the free list, and will he now oppose the enlargement of the free list in defiance of his own teaching? He has also preceded Mr. Cleveland in demanding reduced duties on the necessaries of life, and will he now arraign Mr. Cleaveland for teaching the same theory to the country? If he had a free trade issue to combat, he could be consistent with himself in antagonizing the President; but as the message is as distinct in its anti-free trade ideas as any utterance that ever came from Mr. Blaine, he will be in danger of both flank and rear attacks when he moves upon Mr. Cleveland's works.

The particular phase of the revenue issue to be considered by the people, will largely depend upon the attitude and actions of both parties in the present Congress, and either party may easily blunder itself to death. The Democrats, being the majority, are more likely to play the picturesquely idiotic role than is the Republican minority, but there is a fair chance for either to defeat itself. If Congress shall even up on both sides in wisdom or folly, Cleveland and Blaine will have a fair fight on the issue that they have jointly pressed upon the country, with hopeful leaders and followers on both sides and the odds apparently in favor of Cleveland's hitherto undimmed star of fortune.—*Phila. Times.*

Northwestern Tariff Sentiment.

Senator Sabin, of Minnesota, not long ago chairman of the Republican national committee, is in accord with the recommendations of the President's message as to the revision of the tariff. He was in Pittsburg on Saturday and so expressed himself. In this view the Minnesota Senator is also in accord with the Republican sentiment of his own State. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* takes a positive ground in approval of the President's message, and it may be safely ranked as the most influential journal west of Chicago, and in Chicago, the Republican *Tribune* is even more emphatic in support of Mr. Cleveland than the St. Paul paper. Senator Sabin gets this backing from the latter paper:

There is no reason why the recommendations sent to congress should not, in the main, be complied with at an early day. As we have seen, both parties are explicitly committed in favor of tariff reduction. There is no proposition from any source to abandon the protective principle. But the time has come when our manufacturers should admit that all that they can ask, and all that is necessary for effective protection, is such a duty as will equalize the cost of production here and abroad. They will then be able to hold the market against all comers, while the competition that would become effective the moment that prices were advanced will protect the consumer against the exactions of monopolistic combinations. To ask more than this is to endanger the whole protective system when the inevitable reaction shall come.

The president's message, instead of making a formidable division in the Democratic party, as our Pennsylvania protectionists have maintained that it would, seems to have consolidated the Democracy of all sections, and its most noticeable political effect, aside from that, has been to separate the Northwestern Republicans of four or five States very broadly from their party of Pennsylvania and other Eastern states.

Now is The Time.

Both political parties have been for seven years promising to stop the collection of a surplus revenue.

The Democrats pledged themselves to do it by "revising the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests." The Republicans promised to do it by "correcting the inequalities of the tariff."

The time has come when the fulfilment of these pledges can no longer be safely postponed. President Cleveland finds the situation so grave that he considers no other question in his Message. Secretary Fairchild reports that "each year for twenty-two years there has been a surplus"—an aggregate of $1,-491 845 000. Last year the surplus was $103 000,000. This year it will be $140,-000,000. The outlet that has relieved the Treasury in the past is closed. The redeemable bonds were all paid in July.

To hoard the inflowing surplus is to invite a financial panic. To spend it is to inaugurate another decade of extravagance.

As the war tariff cannot stand forever, why not reduce it now? It can be reduced 20 per cent. and still leave the average duty at 36 per cent.—as much as it was under the Morrill Tariff of 1862. It can be reduced 30 per cent. and leave the average duty a fraction more than it was in 1863, when the war was at its height and our "infant industries" were a quarter of a century younger than they are now.

The President has shown equal sagacity and courage in forcing the issue. He has given to his Administration a policy and to his party a rallying cry. The superfluous war taxes on the necessities of the people must go, and go Now.—*N. Y. World.*

Impending Split in the Republican Party.

The esteemed *Gazette* does not altogether shut its eyes to the revolution that is going on in its party at the West. It cannot well do so, for the fact is indisputable that President Cleveland's presentation of the tariff and surplus questions, instead of dividing the Democatic party, as Republicans predicted, seems to have driven a wedge in the Republican party in the States west of Ohio. The *Gazette* says: Even at the worst, two or three doubtful States of Northwest could well be spared if New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Connecticut could be carried on the protection issue." So there must be something, after all, in the Western revolt, that invites reconoitering elsewhere. Still the *Gazette* avers there is no occasion to fear "the loss of a single Republican State."

Well that depends. When we see Republicans of Western States in convention and through their most influential journals in accord with President Cleveland—and we are assured the fighting is to be forced on this very issue—it is not extravagant to look for something in the nature of a political revolution. The leading Republican papers of Illinois, Minnesota and Nebraska indorse the message, as we have hitherto shown by extracts. The *Iowa State Register*, the leading Republican paper in its State, says that "Mr. Cleveland will find that the Republican members of Congress will meet him half way in all fair and reasonable measures for the reduction of the surplus," and that "they are for reducing the tariff to some extent." The Indianapolis *Journal*, the chief Republican organ in Indiana, expresses the hope that the Republicans will prepare and present a revenue reform measure, and bluntly declares that "the party cannot content itself or the country simply with opposition." The *Journal* quotes Congressman Browne, the oldest and shrewdest Republican Congressman from Indiana, as saying that "the Republicans will very generally support a bill placing sugar, salt, lumber, and in fact all of the plain neccessaries of life on the free list." The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* is constrained to admit that the President's course will "perhaps turn out a cunning stratagem." It says that "it will not divide the Democratic party" that "it is not certain to hurt him in New York," and most significant of all, that "it has a streak of help in the fact that many Republicans think it time that the war tariff was reformed."

Coming east we find the independent Republican press of New York and New England, and even some of the regulation organs—such as the providence *Journal* and the Boston *Advertiser*—if not in entire accord, as the most of them are, heartily indorsing essential parts of the policy laid down in the message as to avoiding a surplus by reducing taxation, and reducing it on something else than whisky or tobacco.

We should say the indications are strong for a split in the Republican party of a far greater magnitude than any prior feud or division. Mr. Blaine will be the candidate, and the revenue reform and tax reduction revolt against him is likely to be far more potential in 1888 than the mugwump diversion in 1884.—*Pittsburg Post.*

A Deluge In China.

Thousands of People Drowned and Millions Homeless and Starving.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 15.—Chinese papers, just received here, give details of a disaster occasioned by the Yellow river overflowing its banks in the province of Honu, and describe it as one of the most appalling occurrences in loss of life and property recorded in recent times. The river broke its banks on the evening of September 28, southwest of the city of Ching Chow, and not only completely inundated that city, but also 10 other populous cities. The whole area is now a raging sea, 10 to 30 feet deep, where it was a densely populated and rich plain. The former bed of the Yellow river is now dry, and the present lake was the bed of the river centuries ago. The loss of life is incalculable, and the statement is made by missionaries that millions of Chinese are homeless and starving.

The country was covered with a fine winter braid, which is gone, and implies complete destruction to next year's crop. "Bread! bread!" is the cry of thousands, who are on the river bank. Benevolent people go in boats and throw bread among the masses here and there, but it is nothing compared with the requirements. The mass of people is still being increased by continual arrivals. They sit stunned, hungry and dejected, without a rag to wear or a morsel of food.

The Governor in Hongau reports to the throne that "nearly all the people have been drowned in the district reached by the water, the survivors being those who escaped to the high ground or took refuge in trees where they remained till they were rescued." This gives but little impression as to what the extent of the disaster really is.

The *Chinese Times* says in the province of Chilh., where disastrons inundations have also occurred, there are 270,000 people homeless, representing those whose lives were destroyed, and adds that the misery in that province is trifling as compared with that caused by the Huango Ho or the Yellow river. The extent of ground swept over by the overwhelming flood given in English figures it over 7,000 square miles. The land thus submerged formed a part of one of the richest and most densely populated plains of Northern China.

The necessity for liberal aid may therefore be imagined. Already considerable sums have been contributed toward the relief of sufferers. The Emperor of China has given 2,000,000 taels, and the Chinese have started subscription lists in Shanghi, to which foreigners have liberally subscribed.

A WEALTHY land owner in the State of New York has tendered Mr. Henry George a tract of eight thousand acres of good land in that State on which to establish a colony and carry out his peculiar land theories. It may be this wealthy owner of real estate, like a good many more persons similarly situated, finds it cheaper to give away some of his superfluous acres than to retain them and pay the taxes. However this may be, here is an opportunity for Messrs. George and McGlynn to put in practice their peculiar views. These eight thousand acres ought to provide homes for a thousand men, who according to Mr. George, ought here to become prosperous and happy. As this land is wooded and uncultivated, perhaps Mr. George may object. He may not want that kind, but may prefer improved real estate, rented out at a handsome figure. We can only wait and watch what comes out of all this. If these tendered lands are not quickly seized upon by a land-hungry people, we shall suspect the followers of the new gospel not so sincere as they profess to be.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abrham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at E. James' drug store.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—In Lebanon county, Pa., last week a big hawk caught a young skunk and carried it for some distance, finally dropping it in disgust.

—The Great Eastern, which originally cost $3,500,000, and was sold a year ago for $125,000, has again been sold at auction in Liverpool for $100,000.

—Miss Rose Munson, of Birmingham, Mich., is a pretty good-sized girl of her age. She is only 13, but she tips the beam at 209 pounds and is growing.

—The owl is regarded by many of the Congo tribes as a bird of ill omen. It is believed to bear an evil spirit, capable of inciting an enemy to do mischief.

—The Chester, S. C., local paper announces the marriage of William Aiken, a colored man claiming to be 103 years old, to a young widow of 33 years named Susan Watson, both of Chester county.

—The orange tree and the lemon are both descended from the citron. The history of the orange tree is said to date back to the crusades, the returning Pilgrims carrying it into Europe 700 or 800 years ago.

—John Owen Snyder, the famous "walking man" of Mill Grove, Ind., is dead. He had walked almost constantly, night and day, for three years, and his path around his house was worn to a deep furrow.

—The bodies of the four Anarchists who were hanged November 11th in Chicago, as well as that of Lingg, were placed in their final resting place in Waldheim Cemetery on last Sunday. There was no disorder.

—Lightning struck a basket of eggs in a farmyard near Meriden, Miss., not long ago, and a man who witnessed the descent of the electric fluid solemnly declares that it hatched out chickens from several of the eggs.

—Charles Whitsett, a half-witted boy, aged 13 years, went out walking one day last week at Columbus, Ark., with his brother, aged 9 years, and his sister, aged 6 years, and cut off the heads of both with a large knife, which he showed his mother on his return.

—While a lady at Xenia, O., was preparing feed for her chickens recently the diamond in her engagement ring dropped into the mixture, and the loss was not noticed until the feed had been eaten by the fowls. It became necessary to massacre 10 chickens before the stone was found, but it was found at last.

—Mrs. Hogarth, of First avenue, New York, was visited the other day by a woman who is one of her neigbors. They greeted each other cordially, embracing and kissing. While the visitor had one of her arms around Mrs. Hogarth's neck she put her hand in that lady's pocket and took a pocketbook containing $15.

—In many portions of Idaho, Nevada and Wycoming the rabbits are so numerous that they are becoming almost as great a plague as in Australia. The proprietors of a large ranch are giving boys 5 cents a piece for killing them, and some of the boys earn as much as $5 each per day. The dead rabbits are fed to hogs to fatten them.

—A gentleman writing from Bavispe, Mexico, the scene of the earth-quakes, says the entire town has been destroyed and many persons killed. The provisions and supplies provided by the State and from private sources are exhausted and the entire vicinity is destitute of provisions and clothing, and unless aid is furnished soon they may starve.

—At Chicago, on Saturday last, John, Samuel and James Littlejohn, farmers from Dakota, advanced six hundred dollars temporarily to a supposed stockman, whose acquaintance they made on the train. He gave them as security a thousand dollar government bond. In the evening, when he failed to keep his appointment to return to them, they learned that the bond was a counterfeit.

—Kangaroo leather has become so decidedly popular for shoes that 6,000 skins are received and tanned in Newark alone each week. But that means most of the skins used, for they are sent all over the world from the Jersey tanneries. One result is that kangaroo hunters in Australia are making money. They get 70 cents a pound for skins, and some of them clear from $2,000 to $5,000 a year.

—A $5 bill was received at the redemption bureau, in Washington, the other day, with a statement attached that it had been exposed to contagious disease, and, although fumigated, had better receive careful handling. When the young woman who received it read the warning, it is told, she dropped the bill with a scream, which brought fifty other young women in the division crowding around her desk.

—A telegram from Kansas City, Mo., says that W. H. Grinter, a well-known stockman, of Muncie, Kansas, and W. H. Raqua, a wealthy citizen of Fort Scott, were hunting in the wilds of Ozark county on Saturday of last week. Raqua mistook Grinter's head for a wild turkey and sent a load of buckshot into him. Grinter, supposing it had been done purposely, became enraged and returned the fire, killing Raqua instantly. Grinter died half an hour afterward.

—The sudden appearance of water in many wells in southern Wisconsin that have been perfectly dry since the drouth of last summer has caused no little wonder among the people. Wells are filled almost to the top; streams run in abundance from side hills and from springs that have long been dry, and the creeks and small rivers, whose beds have been dry for months, are gradually rising and bid fair to become formidable streams. The phenomenon occurred during the night.

—James Rankin, a young farmer, living near Broken Bow, Nebraska, started out for a hunt on December 10th, in a sleigh. When he reached the woods his double-barrelled shot-gun slipped off the seat, and in attempting to draw it towards him the hammer caught and both loads were discharged into his heart. The remains were discovered on Wednesday. His right hand still held the reins firmly, and the horses were standing at the edge of a deep ravine. They had been without food since the accident occurred, and had gnawed the sleigh-tongue nearly through.

—Petroleum was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. On the island of Zante is a spring, referred to by Herodotus, which must have been flowing over 2,000 years. The Indians, and afterward the pioneer white settlers, found this oil in New York and Pennsylvania, and it was long known as Seneca oil, from the Seneca Indians, who gathered it from the surface of the springs and sold it as a medicine. The first important oil "strike," however, was made by Colonel E. L. Drake on Oil creek, near Titusville, August 26th, 1859. The development of Pennsylvania's oil fields dates from that time.

—A wild animal—presumably one which escaped from Barnum's big show during the recent Bridgeport fire—has done much damage to domestic animals during the past few days in Putnam and upper Westchester counties, N. Y. In Putnam county the beast has killed a score of pigs and several dogs, eaten a number of sheep and frightened a good many horses. On Monday night of last week it killed a large ox belonging to Daniel H. Quinn and devoured nearly half of it. The ox was in the pasture when it was attacked. The people in the vicinity are considerably excited, and some of the more daring hunters are preparing to go out in search of the depredator.

A WORD TO ALL.

Go to GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S, Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa., for Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Stair Buttons,

Oilcloths, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Feathers,

Turcoman Curtains, Madras Curtain Goods, etc., etc. Quality of Goods unequaled and prices the lowest.

—A telegram from San Francisco says Lee Way, the Chinaman killed in a factional quarrel between the Bo Sin Seer and Gie Sin Seer Societies, was buried on Thursday of last week. The faction to which he belonged made a great demonstration and invited an attack from the enemy, but the police were out in force and had a Gatling gun in readiness to quell a street battle. All white persons were warned to keep out of Chinatown. The grave of Lee Way was covered with offerings of roast duck and pork and baskets of rice, while handsful of money were thrown in the huge fire by the grave to give the slaughtered partisan a good start in the other world.

—One day last week while William McCormack was wandering on the beach at St. Martin's New Brunswick, he stumbled over some object. The ringing sound that followed prompted him to make close examination, when he was astonished to fine that it was a piece of metal resembling a pot, which the action of the sea had removed the stones from. On digging down his eyes were greeted with the sparkle of gold. He carried his prize home and called in his friends to share his good luck. It is alleged that the total value of the find was $40,000. Only two persons are acquainted with the location of the treasure. One of these said it was in the shape of spade guineas, bearing date 1765.

—Ida Smedley and Jim Phillips, the notorious counterfeiter, were taken to Scranton on Saturday by United States Marshal Barring and lodged in jail their to await trial at the March term of the United States Court in that city. They were arrested at Sunburry for complicity in counterfeiting operations which have been going on for some months past in Harrisburg, Reading, Pottsville, Erie and other towns in this State. Judson Walcott and Joe Harlan, of Dunkirk, N. Y., and Garrett Van Antwerp, of Utica, N. Y., members of the same gang, who were captured recently, are in jail at WilkesBarre. Van Antwerp claims that he was not connected with the others in their operations. He was caught in the act of dealing in and paying out spurious five-cent pieces.

Death of the Finest Cow in the World.

The Jersey cow Eurotas, registered in the herd book of the American Jersey Cattle Club as No. 2,454, has for years made Darlington the Mecca of all lovers of the cow who desired to see her in her highest perfection. Her record of 778 pounds and a few ounces of butter made within twelve months was for years the highest record made, and the envy of all who were eagerly striving to possess the best cow in the world. Hundreds of people have visited this place to look at the queen of the butter tub, who has lately died. Her worth not only consisted of her own wonderful achievement, but as well in her powers to transmit her good qualities to her progeny, which have sold at fabulous prices. One calf at fourteen week old sold for $12,500, and the owner of her oldest son is currently reported to have refused $25,000 for him. This same animal called the Duke of Darlington, is the sire of a long list of famous butter producers.

Winter Prognostications.

Turtles have been discovered imbedded only nine inches in the mud, hence the winter will be a light one. An old residenter down in Cumberland county has found the discolored head of a large spike in the gizzard of a hen; therefore the winter will be a hard one. When nails, horse-shoes, flat irons, etc., are found at this season of the year in the gizzard of the well regulated hen, it is an unfailing sign that the winter will be a hard one. The man who gets out his square and compass and takes the latitude and longitude of the melt of the butchered hog has not been so scientifically industrious as usual this season, but enough has been gleaned to show that the melt this year is situate one degree due north of the gall, pointing thence three degrees westerly to a rib. Hence the winds will be northwesterly, strong and cold to brisk, shifting to northwesterly and from thence to north, and thence down over the fence and out. On the other hand it has be shown that the cucumber seeds have been more oblong than usual this year, that the hickory-nut shucks have been thin and the covering of the onions loose and baggy and cut low in the neck. The winds, therefore, will be light and low and the winter as open as a barn. Very little oil is observed to stick to the feathers of the ducks that bathe in Oil Creek this month; hence the ice gorge at the Rynd farm next spring will be greater or less, as the case may be. Other indications equally reliable might be cited, but these will suffice for the present.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

ALMOST TOO BIG FOR THE CAR.

How the Latest Dime Museum Attraction Finally Reached the City.

PHILADELPHIA, December 18.—Maggie Hazelton, the biggest woman Trenton ever produced, has arrived in this city. For many years Miss Hazelton had but two wishes. The first was a desire to tie her own shoes, an incident of her toilet she could not accomplish, owing to the fact that she measured 232 inches around the place where the waist ought to be. The second was a desire to visit the Centennial city, which was also frustrated in its accomplishment, owning to her weighing 900 pounds. Yesterday, through the ingenuity of Manager Bradenburg and the energy of many Pennsylvania Railroad employees, the "Jersey Lily," as Miss Hazelton has been christened, was brought to this city.

At Trenton a special baggage car was in waiting and, accompanied by her mother and sister, both pleasant-looking women, the Jersey Lily was assisted to the top of a baggage truck, floored with thick planks. The accommodations being extremely primitive, the young woman refused to travel in it and was accordingly, after much squeezing and hysterical shrieks, pushed into a regular passenger car of the new Eastlake model, having a door three feet wide. The crowd at the depot gazed upon this free exhibition of the departing "freak" with unseemly mirth and ironical cheers.

At this end of the line a storage van, with a padded interior, waited for the "Lily," who arrived on the 4 16 train and was received by an immense crowd. She was dropped down the baggage elevator to the dark recess where trunks are stored and from thence led to the storage wagon. Around the door several policemen stood beating back the crowd, who were as curious as a throng around a police van waiting to see a condemned criminal go to execution.

Miss Hazelton is 26 years old and has never been on exhibition before.

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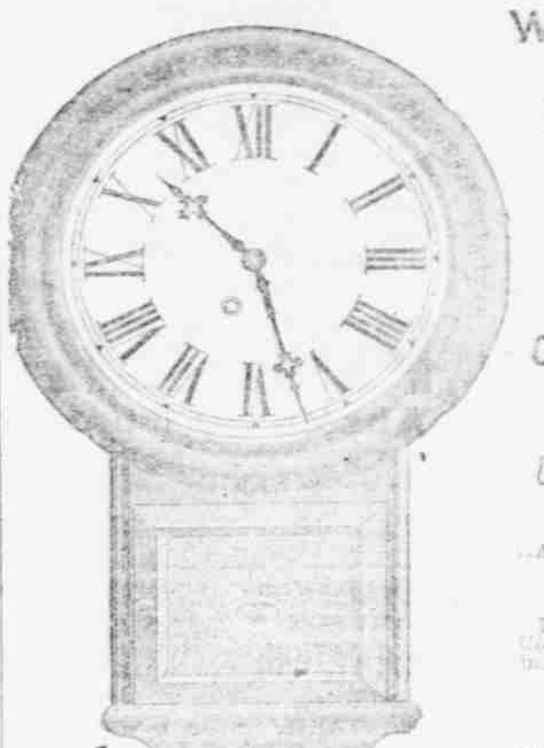
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Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.



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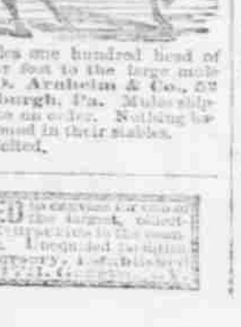
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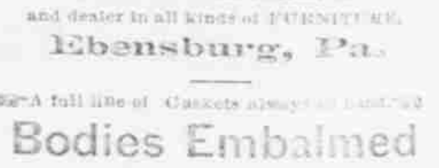
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March 26th, 1886.-tf.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL SELL HIS FARM known as the LUCKETT FARM, in Munster township, Cambria county, ...

90 ACRES, ABOUT 60 ACRES CLEARED,

having thereon erected a good frame house and frame barn. The farm is in a fine state of cultivation, is well watered and has a good orchard bearing fruit trees. The farm is within ... minutes walk of Luckett's Station on the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad.

For further particulars inquire of George M. Reade, Esq., Ebensburg, Pa., or of the subscriber on the premises.

July 29, 1887. JOHN MURPHY.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - DEC. 23, 1887.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

"Feed the hungry, clothe the poor
And such as stand in need;
This is the the way to celebrate
A Christmas tree indeed."

—No paper next week.

—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

—And now the days will begin to lengthen at both ends.

—Of the 278 school teachers in Bedford county 267 attended the institute.

—The usual number of good resolution s will be made to start the year 1888.

—Mr. Andrew Haug, of Carrolltown, took a look at our town on Tuesday.

—The newly elected county officials will be sworn in on Monday, January 2nd, 1888.

—Mr. J. W. Kilduff, editor of the Gallitzin *Vindicator*, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—Mr. Thomas Wilt, one of Clearfield township's good citizens, was in town on Tuesday.

—It is rumored that a sparring match will take place in the Opera House, this place, in the near future.

—One thousand pounds of ginseng wanted at Dr. Davisons's, for which the highest market price will be paid.

—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement in another column of valuable coal lands for sale.

—The mail from Carrolltown to this place on Tuesday last was brought in on runners for the first time this season.

—WANTED.—A competent girl for general house work. References required. Address A. V. D. Watterson, 144 5th Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NOTICE.—If you do not pay your borough and school tax before the 5th day of January, 1888, there will be 5 per cent. additional to pay.

—Miss Mary Scanlan, who has been attending St. Xaviors Seminary, near Latrobe, as a student, returned home on Wednesday to spend the holidays.

—Mr. M. D. Bearer, esq., of this place, departed on Monday for Clyde, Sandusky county, Ohio., where he will remain during the holidays visiting friends.

—If you want to make your friend a present, go to Carl Rivinius' store and buy one or more of his fine selections of imported "Mother of Pearl" glassware.

—WANTED.—A respectable man to handle our famous Rubber Stamp, etc., in this district. McMahon Bros. & Adams, 212 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—On last Friday night two engines collided in the Altoona yards and were badly damaged. William Bealor, one of the engineers, was severely hurt by jumping from his engine.

—Mrs. Mary Gallagher, of South Bethlehem, is one hundred and four years old, and in good health and spirits. She is now visiting relatives in Allentown, and the other evening took part in a social dance.

—George Barney, 72 years old, of Hanover, Md., is now in jail at Mifflintown to answer for having stolen a horse on one night last week from John G. App, of Susquehanna township, Mifflintown county.

—The sale of John Noel, deceased, real estate in Munster township, by W. H. Sechler, truste, has been adjourned until Saturday, the 31st of December, when the sale will take place on the premises at 10 o'cloch A.M.

—Mrs. Daniel Meyers, of Mt. Pleasant Somerset county, was fatally burned last Saturday a week, her clothes catching fire from an open grate. She lingered untill Monday, when death relieved her of suffering.

—Treasurer-elect Thomas E. Howe will move to Ebensburg and take charge of the office to which he was elected. His deputy will only be in service when collecting the annual tithes in June, July, and August.—*Johnstown Tribune*.

—George F. Baer, Esq., of Reading, spent Sunday in Somerset. Mr. Baer is one of the committee on reorganization of the South Penn Railroad, and says the road will unquestionably be completed in the near future.—*Somerset Herald*.

—Justin Head, an Apache boy, 18 years old, who has been a student at the Carlisle Indian School for nearly four years, was on Monday night caught stealing a pair of shoes from a fellow student, and during that night he ran away.

—A woman who has tried the experiment says: "When a man finds a place that is pleasanter to him than his own home, his wife should put two extra lumps of sugar in his coffee, and double the quantity of sunshine in the front room."

—It is reported that Mr. Dan Kearney who was formerly a passenger conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad, was killed in a railroad wreck on the Northern Division of the Inter Colonial railroad in the Canadian Province of New Brunswick.

—Judge Thayer, of Philadelphia, in charging a jury the other day said that a man had a right to cross the street whenever he chose, and that it was just as necessary for drivers of wagons to look out for pedestrians as it was for the latter to look out for drivers.

—If you want to buy your boy a nice suit of clothes for Christmas, or if you need a good first class overcoat or suit of clothes for yourself, drop into McConnell & Saupp's Clothing Store, St. Lawrence block Altoona, where you will be astonished at their low prices.

—Pensions or increase of pensions were issued last week to the following persons in Cambria county: Michael J. Cooper, Loretto; Philip E. Constable, Johnstown John Bender, St. Augustine; John Brem, Cambria; Jacob Kunner, and James Black, of Prospect.

—Out of fifty-five teams that were kept busy during the winter months less than two years ago in supplying the people of Greensburg with coal but four or five are now engaged in that business—one of the results of the introduction and use of natural gas as a fuel.

—A new ruling of the postoffice department provides that all uncalled for postal cards shall be returned to the writer after thirty days. Also that advertised letters will be held but two weeks, instead of four as heretofore, before being sent to the dead letter office, at Washington.

—Clinton Bowers, of Port Royal, Juniata county, while hauling a monument through the entrance to Church Hill cemetery in that place on Wednesday of last week, was caught between the wagon wheel and the gate post and had a leg and arm crushed, besides serious internal injuries.

—George Clem, who was arrested some months since charged with being one of the Blacklick postoffice robbers, was tried last week at Indiana and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Clem was taken to Greensburg jail Friday morning to await sentence. The prisoner is the pal of Charles Rodgers, who was shot and killed by young Kelly, the assistant postmaster at Blacklick, on the night of the robbery. Clem has made an application for a new trial.

GABLE & CO.'S GREAT HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Main Store at 1402, Eleventh Avenue.

Big stock of General Dry Goods Coats and Cloaks, Blankets, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Dress Goods, Linens. Also some Books, Toys, etc., etc.

Branch Store, Woodcock Block.

This room is one-half square west of Main Store. Open from December 10th to December 24th, day and evening. This large room, 40 by 120 feet, will be filled with Books, Toys, Chinaware, Plush Goods and Holiday Goods of every description. The largest stock at the lowest prices in Central Pennsylvania. Visit our Stores—some special window attr actions.

[Altoona, Pa., Dec. 15, 1887.]

—John Ray, of Saltsburg, Indiana county, a section hand on the West Penn railroad, was struck by the work train on Thursday evening of last week, while lighting a switch lamp on a siding, and instantly killed. He was forty-five years of age and leaves a wife and five children.

—Burglars entered the saloon of John Burkhardt in Cambria borough on Sunday last and took from Mr. Burkhardt's pocket while he was sleeping a pocket book containing $150 in bills and coin and some trinkets. The pocket book was found some time afterwards in an out house.

—The following named persons can each obtain a letter by calling at the Ebensburgh postoffice: Miss Annie Biller (2), Mrs. John Leonard, Hon. Ike Blakeley, Mr. G. Gesler, Mr. Jacob Gier, Mr. John Hon, Mr. F. L. Johnes, Mr. Jacob Bracken. Persons calling for these letters will please state they were advertised.

—The shaft for coal, above Cresson, is down thirty-six feet. But little work has been done in sinking the shaft for the past month, but a great deal of out side work' fuch as cleaning off the ground and getting the timber ready for the work has been done. They expect to reach the coal at about ninety feet.

—Any person who wants paying work as local or traveling agent for warranted nursery stock should apply at once to James E. Whitney, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. No experience is necessary, and complete outfit is furnished free. Steady work the year round and all stock warranted to be in good condition.

—Every reader of the FREEMAN who lives until January and writes letters will do something during the year that he will not repeat during the remaining years of his life, viz: He will use the same figure three times in dating his letters. The like will not occur again until 1999—one hundred and eleven years from now.

—Miss Ella Condon, daughter of Mr. James Condon, of Hollidaysburg, was found dead in her bed on Thursday morning of last week. The young lady had been out visiting friends the evening before, and her death which resulted from paralysis of the brain, was a shock to the community. She was about 21 years of age.

—Scarlet fever has invaded the household of Mr. John A. O'Hara, of this place. Two of his children are down with the disease, one, the youngest little girl, being very bad, but we understand a change for the better has taken place and it is to be hoped that she will recover. The oldest child, a boy, was not so bad and is getting along well.

—On Wednesday morning the door bell of Mr. John Emmerling, a brewer residing residing at No. 502 Horner street, Johnstown, was rung, and on the opening of the door by a member of the family, a basket containinig a baby boy, about four weeks old, was found on the steps. Mrs. Emerling will keep the child until a homse can be secured for it.

—The Juniata Valley Editorial Association met in Altoona on Saturday, and the following officers were elected: President, H. C. Dern, Vice President, Wm. A. Allison; Secretary and Treasurer, E. Conrad; Executive committee, Hugh Lindsay, George Shrom, Homer Vaughan. It is probable that Gettysburg will be the point visited by the Association next summer.

—Our band boys complain they cannot do justice to a piece of music with some of the old brass instruments first purchased a few of them being altogether useless. Donations from any of our citizens will be thanfully received by the treasurer, Carl Rivenius, or the leader, John Leighty, and new silver-plated horns purchased in succession as the amount is raised.

—On Sunday last a family reunion was held at the residence of Mr. Anthony Gill, of Chest township, being occasioned by the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Gill. Ten sons were present, five of whom are married, and the families of the married sons were also present. The old couple were made the glad recipients of many handsome and useful presents.

—The Jackson township well is down two thousand and sixty feet, and as yet has no indications oil or gas. The men who have the contract for boring the well, who are experienced on the business, say that they expect to reach the oil-bearing sand at about twenty-three hundred and eighty feet, and if they meet with no accident will reach that depth some time next week.

—On Wednesday last, at noon, John Endler, who was working in the woods in Jackson township cutting timber for Mr. David Burkhurt, was struck on the head by a falling limb and seriously if not fatally injured. The side of his head is crushed in and although the physician has some hopes of his recovery, dis condition is precarious. He is about twenty-five years of age and unmarried.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., sells sugars at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cts. per lb; teas at 40, 60 and 80 cts. per lb; coffee at 20 and 25 cts. per lb; 2 boxes essence of coffee c.; 2 papers soda 5c.; good molasses 35 cts. per gallon; good syrup 50 cts. per gallon; flour $1.10 to $1.35 per sack; salt $1.25 to $1.35 per barrel; also raisins, currants, prunes, cranberry sauce and mince meat at bottom prices for spot cash or trade.

—On Monday last Jack Kilrain, of Baltimore, and Jim Jmith, of London, England, fought a prize fight of 106 rounds for the championship of the world. The fight lasted two hours and resulted in a draw although Kilrain is said to have had the best of it, and would undoubtedly come out victorious had not darkness compelled the referee to put an end to the fight and declare it a draw.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., pays the highest prices for all kinds of country produce, as follows: Eggs 25 cts.; butter 22 to 25 cts., as to quality; oats 45 to 50 cts. per bushel; corn 55 to 60 cts. per bushel; rye 60 to 65 cts. per bushel; wheat 90 cts. to $1. per bushel; onions 80 to 90 cts. per bushel; potatoes 80 to 90 cts. per bushel; beans $1.60 to $1.75 per bushel; socks 30 to 35 cts. per pair; mitts 35 to 40 cts. per pair. Part cash paid if desired.

—Thornton Bechtel, who was supposed to have been one of the Hawn robbers, was acquitted at Huntingdon on last Friday. The other men charged with the crime, John Galbraith and Jack McKelvey, entered pleas of guilty. Galbraith, it will be remembered, had his left eye shot out at the robbery by George Auker, Hawn's farmer, after Auker had been shot within two inches of the heart by Galbraith. On Monday Judge Furst sentenced Galbraith for three years and ten months, and McKelvey for three years and six months to the Western Penitentiary. McKelvey wept bitterly when sentence was passed upon him and appeared completely broken down.

—Hugh Swartz, of Indiana, was recently arrested for having too many wives. He gave bail for his appearance at court. On Wednesday of last week he disappeared and has not been seen since. His bail will be stuck for $500, unless the "festive masher" can be run down and brought back. A true bill was also found against him for perjury for having sworn that he was divorced from wife No. 1. when application was made for license to marry No. 2.

—Three thousand five hundred workmen are idle at Braddock in consequence of an order for a general shut down at the Edgar Thompson rail mill Saturday. Notices were posted that the mill was to shut down for repairs and remain idle for three weeks. It is stated that the new scale will be adopted, when work is resumed, which will be in about two weeks. The reduction of wages at the Bethlehem Steel Works led to a rumor that a reduction might be considered among the possibilities at Braddock. There was, however, no authority for the rumor.

—The list of collections taken up in the several Catholic churches in this county on account of the Pope's Jubilee as published by the Pittsburgh *Catholic* is as follows: St. Patrick's, Gallitzin, $105; St. Michael's' Loretto, $100; St. Augustine's, St. Augustine, $85; St. Benedict's, Carrolltown, $78 40; St. Nicholas, Nicktown, $14 61; Holy Name, Ebensburg, $50. 72, St. Aloysius, Summit' $36; St. Bridget's, Lilly, $82. 95; St. Bartholomew's, Wilmore, $55; St. John's, Johnstown, $250; St. Joseph's, Johnstown, $72. 50; Immaculate Conception, Cambria City, $38. 32.

—James Breslin, a helper at the Portage Rolling Mill, Duncansville, Blair county was found dead at No 1 furnace that place on Sunday morning. He was seen going toward the furnace about 1 o'clock in the morning and it is supposed laid down near a pipe and was suffocated by inhaling carbonic acid gas He was aged thirty-three years and single. His parents reside at Tamaqua, Schuylkill county. As we go to press we learn that the unfortunate man was a nephew of Mr. James Gallagher, of this place, to whom he intended paying a visit on Christmas.

—A heavy snow fell in the eastern part of the State on last Saturday afternoon. The snow was general all over the Eastern section of the State. At Lancaster it was fourteen inches deep; Lebanon, fourteen; Harrisburg, ten; Allentown, fourteen, and through the coal region nearly a foot covered the ground. Railroad trains were delayed, and shipments on the Reading railroad were greatly interfered with. Country roads were drifted to a depth of three and four feet. The snow at Easton was twenty three inches deep, and many of the narrow streets impassable. No attempt was made to run the street cars. All steam railroad trains were badly delayed.

—The Cherrytree *Record*, says: "At a meeting of the Cherrtree Oil and Gas Co., Lim., held in this place on Saturday, 17th inst., the bids for drilling the well were opened and the contract awarded to Mr. James Story, of Kittanning, Pa. He having agreed to furnish rig, engine, machinery, tools, fuel and all other necessary materials, and to drill the well to the depth of 3000ft. for $1.49 per foot. Contractor to furnish and put in place all necessary casing to the depth of 650 feet and the Company to pay for all in excess of that amount that may be needed." The contractor has commenced the erection of the derrick and the work of drilling will be commenced as soon as the necessary machinery and tools can be got on the ground.

—On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Joseph Davis and his brother David Davis, who reside about one and a half mile east of this place started from town taking with them a portable engine which they intended using in baling hay. They had hitched to the engine a pair of spirited young horses and a pair of mules, and when opposite the Almshouse David left Joseph who was walking along side of the team driving, and went over to the Almshouse to see Mr. Lilly. A few minutes after a lady driving a horse and buggy met them and passed, when the team got frightened and shied off to the side of the road, throwing Joseph Davis down under the wheels of the engine which passed over his left leg, breaking it about three inches above the knee. The team ran a short distance, when they pulled loose from the engine and then ran on about a mile before they stopped, but escaped without any injury to the horses, but the engine was slightly damaged. Mr. Davis was taken to his home and Dr. F. C. Jones of this place summoned, who set the broken bones, and we understand he is now resting as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Educational Meeting.

HEMLOCK, PA., Dec. 19th, 1887.

A very interesting and highly instructive meeting was held in the school house in this place on Saturday last by the teachere of Washington and Portage townships, and County Superintendent Cramer.

The topics on the programme arranged at the previous meeting were thoroughly discussed, all present taking an active part. The Superintendent was then called on to give a talk on writing. He explained the Indiana Normal method and believes it to be the best, as it is simple and applicable to schools of all grades.

The following programme was arranged for the meeting to be held at Portage on Saturday, Jan. 7th, 1888: How to secure good Attendance, A. J. Noel; How to cultivate a taste for the study of Literature, Ellie Anderson; Primary Phisiology, A. J. Sanker; To what extent should the Textbook be used in teaching Geography? Mary Parrish; Advanced Reading, J. M. Noel. Should we have Friday afternoon Exercises, By All Present.

We hereby tender our thanks to the County Superintendent for his assistance at our last meeting and ask him, if possible, to attend the next.

Teachers of surrounding districts, directors, patrons and friends of education are cordially invited to attend and take part in the exercises. COMMITTEE.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at E. James' drug store.

School Report.

Teachers.	Room	Enrolled. Boys	Girls	Total	Average attendance. Boys	Girls	Total	Visits
Allie Lloyd	1	28	34	62	25	29	54	
Effie Myers	2	24	20	44	22	17	39	
Annie Jones	3	24	22	46	20	18	38	
A. R. Reade	4	23	18	41	20	17	37	
J. W. Leech	5	19	8	27	15	6	21	
Totals	5	118	102	220	102	87	189	

The following pupils were perfect in attendance during month:

Room No. 1. Charles Sechler, Bessie Evans, Herbie Dow, Ethel Shields, Walter Jones, Edith Barker, Eddie Davison, Carrie Garman, Dellie Chute, Gretta Garman, Elmer Davis, Bessie McCaslin, Arthur Evans, Waldo Strayer, Frank Blair.

Room No. 2. Calvin Port, Peter Ludwig, Harry Connell, Charlie Davison, Herschell Evans, Blanche Folsom, Ollie Connell, May Davis, Charlie Evans, Ada Jones, Willie Leighty, Stella Creery, Wellington Evans, Maud Shenefelt, John Ritter, Edith Evans, Walter McCaslin, Grace McCaslin, Albert Mack.

Room No. 3. Charles Weaklen, Lizzie Nipple, George Thomas, Annie Shields, John Thomas, Gertie Bower, Frank Evans, Madge Lang, Morgan Evans, Sadie Nipple, Harry Shinafelt, Cora Evans, Jacob Faith, Maud Richardson, Butler Roberts, Gertie Crouse, Fred Jones, Annie Davison.

Room No. 4. James Dick, Ed. Luther, Fred Barker, Stanton Davis, Alice Davis, Della Folsom, Jennie Bower, Madge Dick, Ella Kirschner, Julia Connell, Mary McBreen, Minnie Howell.

Room No. 5. Bert Davis, Thannie Davis, Olin Barker, Joseph Blair, Norris Mason, Helen Murray, Katy McBreen, Annie Maloney.

The following pupils stood highest in their respective classes: Room No. 1, class A, Charlie Sechler; class B, Ed. Davinson; class C, Emma Kemp. Room No. 2, class A, Blanche Folsom; class B, Annie McBreen. Room No. 3, class A, Lizzie Nipple; class B, Sadie Nipple. Room No. 4, class A, Della Folsom; class B, Mary McBreen. Room Fo. 5, class A, Bert Davis; class B, Olin Barker.

Friendly Advice.

We desire to give a little friendly advice to those of our readers who are arranging the list of newspapers they wernt during 1888. THE PITTSBURG DAILY TIMES is one of the brightest and best papers printed in the country. It is essentially a paper for busy people. All the news of the day, careful market reports and able editorials, will be found in such form as is most acceptable, and nothing that can offend the most refined home circle is ever found in its columns. Everybody should have a daily newspaper during the Presidential campaign. The need during 1888 will be greater than ever, because the events are likely to be more stirring than those of any previous campaign. The low price of the PITTSBURG DAILY TIMES places it within reach of all. None of our readers will miss one cent a day and we count it as certain that all will thank us for calling attention to this method of spending it wisely.

A note enclosing $3.00 will secure THE PITTSBURG DAILY TIMES for one year, and 25 cents will pay for a month's subscription.

Address all communications to THE PITTSBURG TIMES, 102 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Wide Awake 1888.

The readers of this wonderful magazine for young people are so accustomed to good reading and pictures that they will wonder how it is going to be better than ever this coming year. But it is.

The new year has already begun with the holiday number just out—a truly great number, larger and richer, more varied, and therefore it must be better than ever before. And the publishers have a primer to send to those who want to know what *Wide Awake* is going to have in it in 1888.

The wonder is that such a library and picture-gallery can be got toge her for $2 40 a year—a thousand pages and everything fresh and new—stories, history, travels, biograpny, sketches, anecdote, adventure—and all instructive as well as entertaining. Two worlds are drawn from to make such provision for the education and pleasure of our children.

So high is the best of young people's literature nowadays that we are all of us glad to be young. Nine tenths of reading people prefer it to what is written for them; for it has the rare merit of being easy as well as good.

We know of no Christmas gift so sure of bringing a happy response in a reading family. Send $2.40 to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

School Report.

CHEST SPRINGS, Dec. 11th, 1887.

Following is the report of the Moyers School.

Number of boys enrolled 22, girls 16, total 38. Average attendance of boys 20, girls 16, total 33.

Percentage of attendance of boys during month, boys 87, girls 95, total 91.

Number of pupils who did not miss a day during the month: Gust Conrad, Harry Conrad, David Conrad, Frank Laner, Alfred Manes, Morvus Lanes, Henry McDermitt, Willie McDermitt, Amos Will, Blair Will, Charles Sutton, Albert Sutton, Lawrence Sutton, Charles McDermitt, Mollie McDermitt, Mattie McDermitt, Katie McDermitt, Nora Dauer, Mary Laner, Susie Sutton, Aggie Sutton, Maude Sutton, Lizzie Grove, Missouri Grove, Roby Rhody, Della Ivory, Cornelia Will, Christena Will.

EMMA E. LITTLE, Teacher.

I have

been a sufferer from catarrh for the past eight years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief, I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines, when a friend advised me try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with reluctance, but can now testify with plaesure that after using it for six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable Balm. Joseph Stewart, 624 Grant Ave., Brooklyn.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rh um, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, December 21st, 1887:

Wm. Brown and Louisa Sheeler, Johnstown.

Samuel A. Leuder, Mountain Dale and Mary E. Wilhelm, Ben's Creek.

James H. Leister and Lenore Grove, Conemaugh borough.

Leonard King and Catherine Neary, Cambria borough.

John J. Roberts and Mary J. Jones, Johnstown.

Samuel McIntosh and Mary Furey, Portage township.

Elmer Kough and Lizzie McAvoy, Gallitzin.

Wm. A. Hargnett, Johnstown and Mattie E. Oatman, Conemaugh.

James Averill, Pennfield, Clearfield Co., and Emma Dean, Reade township.

Geo. Warsing and Anna B. Colbert, Coopersdale.

Isaac H. Bernhart and Ada J. Davis, Upper Yoder township.

Calvin Young, Hillsboro, Somerset Co., Ida Goughnour, Scalp Level.

Mohlen G. Specht, Forward, Somerset Co., and Melissa G. Varner, Johnstown.

Albert Irwin, Johnstown and Mary A. Hess, Morrellville.

Harry Brown, Huntingdon and Miss Rosa Bloch, Johnstown.

Gus Hoffman, and Lizzie Reitz, Johnstown.

Stephen Simonson and Dorothea Orshay, Cambria borough.

Stephen Dubresky and Mary Pastorek, Cambria borough.

Charles Haggins, Coopersdale and Mollie Lewis, Lower Yoder.

W. A. Horner, Coopersdale and Minnie J. Lewis, Lower Yoder.

Daniel W. Klinefelter and Mary E. Ribbett, Franklin borough.

School Report.

LORETTO, PA.

Report of Weakland school for second month ending Dec. 15, 1887: No. enrolled, 41; percent. of attendance, 89; names of pupils perfect in attendance, Robert Conrad, Austin Sill, Herman McGough, Paul Fry, Tillie Conrad, Vickie Conrad, Linnie Fry, Maggie McGough, Laura McGough, Walberg Lenz.

Argument List.

Commonwealth	vs.	Buck
Same	vs.	Same
Same	vs.	Same
Gellespie	vs.	McCloskey
Blauch & Stutzman	vs.	B. & O. R. R. Co.
Tegler	vs.	McKenna
Exceptions to incorporation of Brownstown.		
Fresh	vs.	Rager
Anderson & Long	vs.	Westover
Exceptions to road in Upper Yoder Twp.		
Treece	vs.	Treece
Galdshine	vs.	Galdshine
Shaffer	vs.	Stukeman
Makin	vs.	Custu
Johnstown Milling Co.	vs.	Hanna
Shires & Kennedy	vs.	Eichensehr
Inri Mandamus to Sch. Directors of Croyle Twp.		
Exceptions to road in Washington Twp.		
Parrish	vs.	Dougherty
Rasskam, Gerstly & Co.	vs.	Kane
Quo warranto	vs.	Graham
Boring	vs.	Boring
Mayers Heirs	vs.	McGonigle
Bearer	vs.	Lantzy
Exceptions to report of Jno. P. Linton, Auditor.		
Stewart et. al	vs.	Notley
Bearer	vs.	Shoemaker
Exceptions to report of D. E. Dafton, Auditor.		
Weakland	vs.	Maucher
Reams Adm'r.	vs.	McGough
Exceptions to road in White Twp.		
Exceptions to road in Reade Twp.		
First National Bank, Altoona	vs.	Duncan
Exceptions to acknowledgement of Sheriff's deeds to Jacob J. Weaver.		
Cook	vs.	Stutzman et. al.
Same	vs.	Same
Pickworth	vs.	Same
Exceptions to confirmation of sale of real estate of Mary J. Cook et. al.		
Exceptions to confirmation of sale of real estate of Ezra Pickworth.		
Helreigle	vs.	Helreigle
Knox Twp Sup	vs.	Poor Directors
Baker	vs.	Baker

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Ebensburg, Dec. 23, '87.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of Samuel Reed and Robert Fergersen, assignees of David Bracken and wife, as shown by their first and final account confirmed at December term of Court 1887, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg on Friday, Jan 27th, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment when and where all persons having claims against said assigned estate are required to present them or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
E. G. KERR, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 23d, '87.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the etsate of Henry Glass, late of Allegheny township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, resident in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
WM. J. BUCK, ANN E. GLASS, Adm'rs.
Ebensburg, Nov. 9, '87.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his application in the office of the Secretary of Internal Affairs, at Harrisburg, for five acres of unimproved and vacant land, situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of D. C. Moore on the east, lands of the undersigned on the south and lands of William Tomlinson on the west, the said five acres applied for being triangler in shape.
GEORG LENZ.
Ebensburg, Nov. 25th, 1887.-3t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Cooney, deceased, of Munster township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
CHARLES COONEY, Adm'r.
Munster, Oct. 5, 1887.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will offer at private sale his house and lot situated in the West ward of Ebensburg, fronting on High street and extending back along Mary Ann street on the west to Sample street. The house is a large double house in good repair with a good stable, and the lot contains a number of good fruit trees. For terms call on the subscriber residing on the premises.
GEORGE HEITLER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 21, 1887.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Petter Banan, deceased, having been granted to the unersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to
JOHN BANAN, Adm'r.
Loretto, November, 14, 1887. 6t.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Strayed away from the premises of the subscriber, a yellow shepherd dog with a black nose and white feet, two and one-half years old, and answers to the name of Rover. A suitable reward will be given by returning him to
MRS. P. LACY.
Loretto, Dec. 9, '87.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Henry Willibrand, late of Munster township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to
FLORENCE WILLIBRAND,
Administrator of HENRY WILLIBRAND, de'd.

RECEIVER'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed receiver of the estates, property, monies, and effects, real, personal, and mixed, of the late firm of Isaac Diehl, and Geo. A. McCormick doing business under the firm name of Diehl & Co., of which firm Geo. A. McCormick, is the surviving partner, all persons indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will please make known the same without delay.
A. J. ANDERSON,
Receiver of DIEAL & CO.
Altoona, Oct. 25, 1887.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Joseph Gutwald and wife have made an assignment to me of all his estate, real, personal and mixed in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Joseph Gutwald. All persons indebted to said Joseph Gutwald are notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against him will present them properly authenticated for settlement to
JOHN A. BLAIR,
Assignee of JOSEPH GUTWALD.
Ebensburg, December 9, '87. 6t.

Sheriff's Sales
—OF—
Real Estate

BY virtue of sundry writs of Levari Facias and Alias Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, Jan. 2d, '88, at one o'clock P. M., the following real estate to wit:

All the right, title, and interest of C. E. Glenn, of in and to all the undivided one half interest in a certain piece or parcel of land situated in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz.: Adjoining lands of Thomas Griffith, John F. Tibbott, James Myers and others, containing one hundred and twenty acres, more or less, having thereon erected a grist mill, dwelling house and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of L. J. Driggs. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Milton Jones for use of Dr. J. S. Driggs.

Also, all the right, title, and interest of C. E. Glenn, of in and to all that undivided one half interest in all that certain piece or lot of ground situated in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Along the township road lying between the Ebensburg and Cresson rail road and the piece or lot of ground therein conveyed two hundred and fifty-six feet to a post, thence south along the public road leading from Ebensburg to Wilmore two hundred and seventy-seven feet to a post on the other land of the said Thomas Griffith of which this a part, thence west by same two hundred and fifty six feet to a post, on line of land of said Abel Lloyd, thence north by same land two hundred and seventy seven feet to place of begining containing one acre and ninefive perches, more or less. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Milton Jones for use of Dr. S. Driggs.

Also, all the right, title, and interest of John P. Parrish and Catherine Parrish his wife, of in and to a certain two storied plank dwelling house, weatherboarded, having a front of thirty-two feet and depth of twenty-four feet, and having attached a one story plank kitchen and warehouse thirty-two feet in length and fourteen feet in width, and located on a lot of ground in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting fifty-five feet on the southerly side of the turnpike leading from Cresson to Summitville, and extending back two hundred feet adjoining lands of the estate of M. M. Adams, deceased, on the east, and an alley on the West, now in the occupancy of John P. Parrish and Catherine his wife. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Frederick Smeeder.

TERMS: One third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds at the confirmation of the deed.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.
Ebensburg, Dec. 9, '87.

Valuable Property for Sale

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS AT PRIVATE Sale the following valuable

HOUSE AND LOT,

situate on Main street, of Carrolltown Borough, and in the business centre of the town—opposite the Blum brewery. The house is a large two story building, 52 by 32 feet. Is plastered throughout, weatherboarded and completely finished and as good as new. A good stable on the lot and a never failing well of excelent water. It would answer for dwelling and business house combined, or for a hotel property.

POSSESSION GIVEN IMMEDIATELY.

For particulars call on or address the owner,
FREDERICK SNYDER,
At the Arlington Hotel, Altoona, Pa.
September 16, 1887.

$125 A WEEK. Agents Wanted. THE AMERICAN HOME AND FARM CYCLOPEDIA by H. R. ALLEN, A. M. M. D., and 140 COLLEGES and SPECIALISTS. 12 books in one volume of *immediate* and *constant* value far beyond its cost, to Farmers, Live Stockmen, Horticulturists, Builders, Housekeepers, Money-Makers and all who have, or aspire to have homes. Over 1100 Pages and 2000 Illustrations. This new volume contains such *attractions* and *practical value* as was never before seen in a book. Positively $25 to $125 a week made by capable canvassers. OUTFIT FREE, FREIGHT PAID and CREDIT GIVEN *honest* men. Descriptive Circlars, Press Notices, Agent's Reports and Terms FREE. *Why work for barely bread and butter?* Send at once for particulars.
THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO.,
225 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Valuable Coal Land FOR SALE.

The undersigned will expose to public sale at the store room of M. A. McGoigle in Lilly Borough on

MONDAY, JAN. 23d, 1888.

The following described real estate to:

A large tract of land situated in Washington township, underlaid with 3 veins of good bituminous coal, and one vein of superior fire-clay, containing about 574 acres and allowance, also a good tract of land in Portage township, Cambria county, Pa., underlaid with several good veins of coal adjoining lands lately purchased by McCormick & Co., of Harrisburg, containing about 387 acres more or less. Also 2 lots of ground in the town of Portage, also store room, stable and outbuildings situated in Lilly Borough.

Terms made known on day of sale when a reasonable credit will be given, the balance of purchase money to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

C. A. McGONIGLE,
M. A. McGONIGLE,
MRS. MARY LEAHEY.
Lilly, Dec. 23d, '78.

STRAYED SHEEP.—A white buck, a black buck and a spring lamb strayed away from the premises of the subscriber in Ebensburg some time ago. The white buck has a tar mark on the back. Any person giving information leading to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.
JOSEPH GUTWALD.
Ebensburg, Dec. 16, 1887. 3t.

ASSIGNEE SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned by virtue of an order from the Court of Common pleas of Cambria county, will expose to public sale at the Court House in the borough of Hollidaysburg on Friday, January 6, 1888, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate to wit:

The undivided one-fourth interest in all that certain tract of coal and timber lands situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., warranted in the name of Mifflin Hanna, containing two hundred and twenty acres, more or less.

TERMS: One half on confirmation of sale, and balance in one year with interest to be secured by mortgages or judgment bonds of purchaser.
T. W. SMITH,
Assignee of R. A. IRWIN.

NOTICE.—I have this day loaned to Mr. Adam Cense, of Lloydsville, Pa., the following articles to be used by him at my pleasure: One looking glass, three tables, three set chairs, one organ, one lounge, one refrigerator, one cubboard, nine beds and bedding, one bearcau, five yards of carpet, four wash stands, bar-room fixtures, etc., and hereby cation parties not to interfere with the same.
R. L. BOWER.
Lloydsville, Dec. 8, '87.

AUDITORS' NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of M. L. Glasgow and W. E. Glasgow, administrators of Eliza Noble, late of Reade twp., Cambria county, Pa., deceased, as shown by their first and final account confirmed Dec. 10th, '87, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Saturday Dec. 31st, 1887, at 10 o'clock in the morning for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are required to present them or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
E. G. KERR, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 13, 1887.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came the premises of the subscriber in White township, Cambria county, about the middle of Oct. 1887, one white and red cow with white stripe in face, about three years old, the owner is requested to come forward prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.
WM McNANAMY.
White twp., Dec. 9, '87.

NOTICE.—I hereby give notice that I have purchased the following property of F. D. and Charles Burgoon at constable sale at Ashville, and left the same with them until I see fit to remove them. One horse, one set harness, one bugy, two heating stoves, one cook stove, one organ, six beds and bedding, three wash stands, two tables, dishes, etc.
J. A. BURGOON.
Ashville, Dec. 9, '87.

NOTICE.—I hereby give notice that an election of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance company of Cambria county will be held at the office of said company in Ebensburg on Monday, January 9th, 1888, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.

VALUABLE PRESENTS WITH EVERY PURCHASE.

Greatest Excitement ever Known in Johnstown.

We are shrowing the Public how highly we appreciate the unusual liberal patronage bestowed upon us this season by giving away during the Holiday term a valuable and appropriate Christmas Gift with every article of Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods purchased from us. Thousands of customers are taking advantage of this generous offer and securing one of the HANDSOMEST PRESENTS ever given away by any house in the country. Everybody come. Everybody welcome.

WOOLF, SON & THOMAS.
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WE DESIRE

to call your attention to our fine assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Coats and Ladies' Wraps. Also plain and fancy Cloths, black and colored Cashmeres, Mufflers, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Muffs, Gloves and Toboggans,

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY,

All of which we are selling at the lowest prices. Call and examine our stock and you will be convinced that we can save you money.

PLUSH COATS AND WRAPS A SPECIALTY.

MRS. R. E. JONES.

THE BOTTOM IS REACHED AT LAST.

The largest stock of hardware ever offered in the county can be found at my store. I am now selling many goods at much less than I can replace them for, but I will continue to sell at Bottom Prices until I am compelled to replenish my stock. When you want a cooking or heating stove, tinware hardware, nails, iron, glass, trunks and farming implements, call and see my stock and learn my prices.

Aug 13, '85.

G. HUNTLEY,
HIGH STREET. — — — EBENSBURG

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SAFES!

OUR VICTOR

Household & Office Safes



Advertisement No. 1.

Are expressly meant to supply an urgent demand from *Farmers, Lawyers, Doctors, Small Storekeepers, Postmasters, Express and Railroad Agents, Township and County Officials, Trustees, Retired Business Men and Families*, for a first-class fire-proof, burglar-proof combination lock, safe, adapted in capacity and price to suit their requirements. The Victor is first-class in every respect, warranted fire-proof, and constructed in the most improved manner. We now use on each and every safe our new non-pickable combination lock, and inside bolt-work. It has all round corners, exterior beautifully finished and ornamented by hand with all burnished portions nickel-plated. Interior nicely fitted up with sub-treasuries, book-spaces, and pigeon-holes.

No. 1.	Farmers' Size, 19x12x13,	weight, 135 lbs.	$24.00
No. 2.	Household Size, 22x15x16,	" 250 lbs.	$30.00
No. 3.	Small Dealers' Size, 28x18x18,	" 600 lbs.	$40.00
No. 4.	Postmasters' and Office Size, 32x22x22,	" 800 lbs.	$60.00

No. 4 has inside door, with flat key lock, duplicate keys. Sub-treasuries have flat key-locks, with duplicate keys. *We are sole owners of patents and sole manufacturers of the Victor Safes. We caution persons against making, buying, selling or using safes infringing on our patents.*

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Dr. Seth Arnold

CHRISTMAS.

How Different Nations Observe the Day.

The traditions and legends connected with Christmas have an interest peculiarly their own, and it is worth noting that the spirit of charity and good-will which is the leading characteristic of the happy time, pervades them all. Some of the most interesting of these customs we will endeavor to briefly describe.

In England the custom of staying up to midnight to hear the Christmas "waits" is still observed, although many good people if asked the question would find it difficult to give a reason for doing so. The tradition that Christ was born at midnight originated this custom. At one time the bands of singers used to go about from house to house singing Christmas carols. These were the "waits," and by degrees the quaintly beautiful carols which they sang degenerated into mere doggerel, and the custom for a time fell into disuse. Lattererly, however, it has been revived somewhat, as also the custom of singing Christmas carols in Protestant Episcopal churches.

In the feudal times when the old baronial halls gloried in vast fireplaces the bringing of the Yule log, an entire trunk of a tree which was burned whole, was a great event and attended by peculiar ceremonies and great rejoicing. Then feasting followed; the mighty wassail bowl was introduced and the solid pleasures of the table followed and were kept up with a zest and ability to put away vast quantities of provisions that would astonish most people of the present generation. The central dish was the boar's head, flanked by other spoils of the chase. At the present day the crowning ideas of Christmas pleasures in England, as, indeed, in everywhere else throughout Christendom, are still the grosser joys of eating and drinking. The "roast beef and plum pudding" of Old England has a Yuletide smack about it and solid plenty is the characteristics of Christmas cheer at English tables. First comes the savory roast goose, which is the recognized Christmas dish among all clases, peers and commoners alike, and the plum pudding, which is brought in steaming, causing young hearts to rejoice and bringing in a vista of future stomach ache and physic to small boys. Throughout the land Charity expands her wings, and in all the large cities a general movement is heartily made to let the poor have at least one good dinner.

In America the custom of hanging up the stocking is as heartily observed as ever, and little boys and girls in town and country for weeks before Christmas speculate on what Santa Claus will bring them. The North German custom of the Christmas tree has been largely revived of late years, and in many households has become a regular observance every year. Both Christmas tree and the Santa Claus custom are the relics of the days when Thor, Woden and Frica were worshiped, but modified by Christianity till they are now emblematic of the charitable feeling of the day of gladness.

In France, many years ago, it was the habit for people to stop all kinds of labor at noon on the day before Christmas, and masters kept open house and feasted their employes. It was also the fashion for the people to assemble on the outside of churches and cathedrals long before midnight, and the time was passed away by singing of Christmas carols, the Monks teaching them how to sing the carols as well as the Latin canticies of the Church. As the Saturnalian element began to come uppermost, the carols became scurrilous and obscene, and no regret was felt when the custom was done away with.

In sunny Italy the most visible characteristic is the excessive love and devotion felt for the Virgin, which shows itself in many quaint ways. The whole scope of the teaching of the Church tends to make the people realize the birth of Christ as an actual yearly occurrence. This has led to the manifestation of the pifferari, the bagpipe players, who are all from the mountains of Calabria. The pifferari divide themselves into three bands, which march down the streets, stopping at every shrine and pouring out wild music characterized rather by loudness than melody. This is one of the sights of Rome at Christmas time. It is the mission of the pifferari to go through the city and pray before all the shrines to the Virgin to cheer her spirits while undergoing the anguish of accouchement. In Germany, Christmas is observed with peculiar heartiness. There Santa Claus has an abiding home, and the Christmas tree, with its cheerful light, is found in every house where money can be raised to procure it. Like the people of England, the Germans place eating and drinking among the foremost of pleasures at Christmas-tide.

The Russian observances at Christmas are peculiar in one important respect. They lag behind the other Christian nations. Their Christmas eve falls on our 5th of January, as the Russians never surrendered the Julian Calendar. The Christmas festivities are marked with quaint games in which parts are assigned for youths and maidens, and a strict code of etiquette is observed through them all.

In the Spanish-American cities of Central America solemn observations take place in the churches on Christmas Eve. Among the customs is the exhibition of miniature figures of wax illustrating the Nativity and colored according to nature. This representation is called nacimento, and every family of consequence prepares one, which is set in the best room.

Help to Mothers Nursing.

Mothers who have the care and draught of nursing infants need the aid of strengthening tonic to make up the nourishment required for the growth of the child. Ale, porter and lager beer has often been recommended. Of late, since physicians have become aware that the Port Wine produced by Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J., is strictly pure, they have prescribed it instead of ale or porter, as being more blood making. This wine is principally sought for by mothers who have nursing infants at the breast, as the best supplying medium to be found. The wine is rich in body and not intoxicant but gently stimulating and makes good blood. Druggists generally keep it, and sell it for a dollar a bottle. —Enquirer.

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GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.
Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.
Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.
Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.
Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

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Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

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Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

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"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

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Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

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Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1

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"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

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THE TIMES,
Chestnut and Eighth Streets,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ebensburg & Cresson R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.25.
Luckett,	9.07	11.20	5.35.
Munster,	9.14	11.29	5.42.
Noel,	9.19	11.35	5.48.
Kaylor,	9.24	11.41	5.53.
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	6.02.
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.16.

LEAVES—SOUTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.05	10.00	3.00
Bradley,	7.15	10.09	3.15.
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	3.24.
Noel,	7.25	10.20	3.30.
Munster,	7.30	10.25	3.35.
Luckett,	7.36	10.32	3.45.
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	4.00.

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson,	9.10	5.20.
Wildwood	9.28	5.33.
Dawson,	9.32	5.36.
Amsbry,	9.43	5.44.
Ashville,	9.52	5.51.
Millside,	10.00	5.57.
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01.
Condron,	10.10	6.05.
Dean,	10.15	6.09.
Frugality,	10.27	6.17.
Shirley,	10.35	6.23.
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.25.
Flynn City,	10.49	6.31.
Coalport,	11.01	6.43.
Rosebud,	11.04	6.45.
Irvona,	11.10	6.50.

LEAVES SOUTHWARD.

	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.50	7.00
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Kicking Tom, of Dutch Flat.

In the early days of Dutch Flat a large boned and gigantic Indianian was known to his rough but kindly associates as "Kicking Tom." He had won the nickname by reason of the terrific force with which he could launch his great sinewy foot against an opposing object. He was, beside, as lithe and springy as a panther. In those days men were not very particular about the character of their amusements, although nothing mean or underhanded ever took place among them. Their rough courtesy was genuine and hearty, and they were as brave as Norman barons or Paladins of France.

One day a miner brought into camp a Mexican burro, which, when excited, would attack man or beast with desperate fury. Several mountain ponies had been kicked to death by him, and more than one had nearly lost his life by the savage heels of the brute. So exciting had become the record of the jack's achievements that they became the subject of universal conversation and inquiry among the miners. Sitting in their cabins, they spun wonderful tales of what he had done and was capable of doing.

"He is the livest kicker in the world," said one.

"You are right, old man. That beast can kick the hair off a man's head without touching the skin," replied one of his companions.

This was touching Tom in a tender place, and after a moment's reflection he spoke up with the remark: "He can't out-kick me." The observation was received by the group in amazed silence.

"Lord, Tom! Why, he'd make mince-meat of you in a minute."

"Would he?" replied the athletic Indianian. "Then he can have the chance. I'm ready to kick for $100, and may the best man win."

Promptly at the appointed hour every inhabitant of Dutch Flat was assembled in a little level spot just outside the limits of the camp. The preliminaries were soon arranged and the fight began. The beast seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and laying back his ears he watched his wiry opponent with angry eyes. Suddenly Tom leaped forward and landed a terrific kick squarely on the junction of the neck and head. The brute reeled before the force of the blow, but recovering on the instant he wheeled and launched both heels at his antagonist. The man leaped aside, and as quick as lightning responded with another fearful kick on the burro's neck. And so the conflict raged. Sometimes the jack would get in a savage blow on his opponent, but oftener the man had the best of it, and at last putting forth all his wonderful strength he landed a kick with the fury and irresistible force of a pile-driver on the jack's neck, which had been his objective point from the beginning. The beast reeled back, and with a convulsive quiver fell over dead. Tom was terribly bruised, but no bones were broken, and in a few days he was as spry as ever.

The miners next day gave the "jack a regular funeral. Amid the pomp and circumstance of the camp he was laid to rest underneath the sod of the valley, and a local poet thus canonized his memory:

Lay his waxen hoofs together,
Fold back his long and spreading ears,
For he has gone to blend his geehaw
With the music of the spheres.

Saving Seed Corn.

The importance of saving seed corn by careful selection has been preached from time to time out of date, and repeated experiment has proven the necessity for care in the storing of the corn selected for seed. In sections where short seasons prevail early varieties are desirable, hence earliness ought to be promoted even in sorts already early by selecting such from stalks that first ripen their ears. The importance of choosing fair-sized, well-developed ears, taken from stalks which bore at least two ears, is apparent to every one who has given the subject any thought.

In the selection of seed corn too much care cannot be exercised in keeping a well-established and desirable variety pure. It should be borne in mind that two sorts growing within a quarter of a mile of one another are liable to mix, hence it is not wise to save seed from such corn.

There does not appear to be any safer, easier or better mode of saving corn for seed than the old-time one of pulling back and braiding the husks of twenty or more ears together, and then hanging these braided strands from the rafters of a corn or smoke house, the attic, or any other dry place. The corn must be kept dry and out of the reach of rats and mice. It is a wise plan to select only the perfectly matured ears for seed; these dry more quickly and are not so likely to mold. Not a few farmers always plan to hang their seed corn between the rafters of their smoke houses, believing that, in addition to the dry atmosphere there found, the smoke that permeates the kernels acts as a preventive to insect pests after the seed is planted.

It is Well to Remember.

That economy is a great revenue.

That not every one who dances is glad.

That is it as natural to die as to be born.

That the road is never long to a friend's house.

That we have all forgotten more than we remember.

That busy lives, like busy waters, are generally pure.

That labor disgraces no man, while man disgraces labor.

That the strongest men are often the most tender-hearted.

That life is too short to be spent in minding other people's business.

That he who buys hath need of a hundred eyes, and he who sells hath enough of one.

That inclination never wants an excuse, and, if one won't do there are a dozen others at hand.

PROF. BEAL advises skillful green manuring for sifting sandy soils.

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HUGH DRISKEL,
Allegheny twp, Oct. 27, 1887. President.

Rich and Miserable.

The death recently of Thomas Foster, of Shamong township, Burlington county, N. S., furnishes the people of Mount Holly and neigboring villages something further to wonder at and discuss says the New York *World*. Foster was seventy years old, and was known to his neighbors as "The Hermit of the Pines." For fifty years he had lived alone in the primitive little log house in which he died, and for a great part of the time was known to be a miser. Hence little surprise was manifested by those who found in an old chest in his cabin bills and gold and silver coins to a large amount.

When Foster, then a prepossessing youth of twenty, appeared in Shamong township half a century ago and took up his abode in the little cabin with dogs and books, the people wondered. He possessed an excellent scholastic education and polished manners, and soon had many friends among his rural neighbors. Why he had fled from cities and buried himself in that out-of-the-way place he never told, but little by little a story was woven for him, in which the time-worn motive of disappointed love was made to fit his case, and he ceased to be an object of interest. Then it came to be noised about that Foster was a miser. The country people fell away from him, and he secluded himself more and more until he was almost forgotten. Surrounded by his dogs, his mind buried in his books, with which the cabin was plentifully supplied, days would sometimes pass without his stirring abroad.

The howling of a dog attracted some farmers to the little log hut, and there they found the hermit dangerously ill. Accordingly the overseer of the poor of Medford visited the cabin for the purpose of removing the old man to the almshouse.

"Take me to the almshouse?" he almost shouted. "Never! I have money to pay for taking care of me here, and here are the keys to that chest. Open it and you will find what I say is true."

When the the chest was opened, sure enough there was the money as he had said. The gold was neatly packed away in little bags. The notes were crisp and clean, though of the issue of old State concerns long since become national banks. Foster obstinately refused to have a nurse, saying: The nurse would eat so much." Just before the end came he raised himself on his elbow, motioned convulsively toward the old chest and fell back dead. The cabin and the miser's effects were taken in charge by the authorities. It is thought that there may be more money secreted about the old structure.

An effort will be made to find his relatives in Philadelphia, from which city it is said he came to the pines.

A Parrot that Prays.

A family living on Reed street, above Fourth, is the owner of a pretty poll parrot that has already conclusively shown the evidence of early religious training. The bird is an unusually bright one, and it salutes the members of the family every morning with a regularity that is as interesting as it is remarkable. St. Alphonsus' German Catholic Church, on the southwest corner of Reed and Fourth streets, is provided with a set of chimes, which, besides ringing on every Sunday and holy day, ring out the "Angelus" every evening. This is for the purpose of reminding pious Catholics who live within the sound of the bells of a little prayer that is to be recited at that time of the day. Recently one of the little girls of the house began to call the attention of the parrot to the ringing of the chimes. The bird was a careful observer, and attentively watched the little one recite the prayer. Suddenly, one evening, as the bell rang out, the parrot jumped from his perch to the bottom of its cage, and assuming a reverent position, bowed its head and mumbled the first few words of the prayer. Since that time, it is claimed, the parrot is as regular and attentive to its daily prayers as any member of the family.

Superstitions About Marriage.

Three young society ladies whose wedding had been announced to take place within the past fortnight were obliged to have the proposed ceremony indefinitely postponed on account of their illness. It is no wonder that many young ladies become ill as the great day for them draws near, as the amount of work they have to do in preparing for the event is enough to wear them out entirely. The worry and bother of dressmaking and constant shopping and the incidental excitement might prostrate a delicate bride. Just think of the dresses the young woman of moderate ideas generally starts off with! Of course, there's the wedding gown, then the traveling frock for the tour, and, say four morning dresses, with a like number of tea gowns and reception toilets; then house dresses and two tailor made walking suits with one slightly more elaborate for special occasions. This is only a part of the outfit, for undergarments, household linen and the thousand and one etceteras must be prepared.

As the fall is the rushing season in the marriage mart, it is well to recall one or two interesting superstitions that were religiously noted in the time of our grandmothers. In the first place, according to an ancient and reliable chronicle, there are thirty-two days in the year that are especially unlucky for marriages and journeys. They are as follows: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10 and 15 February 6, 7 and 8; April 6 and 11; May 5, 6 and 7; October 7; November 15 and 16, and December 15, 16 and 17. Everybody knows that Friday is the most unlucky day for a wedding, while Wednesday and Thursday are the luckiest. Our grandmother believed that it was a most unfortunate thing if the the bride, after finishing her toilet and leaving her looking glass, should turn around again for a last glance at herself. It was also bad for her to see the man she was about to marry after dressing and before the time had come for the ceremony.

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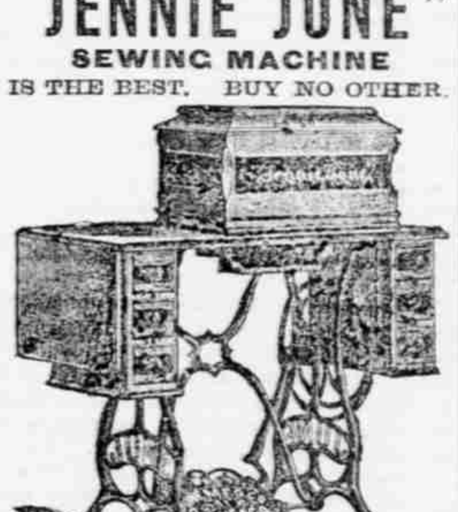
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The Bustle in a New Role.

How that important part of the feminine wardrobe known as a bustle served as a life preserver for a young lady in a recent encounter with a mad bull is thus related by the Haywards (Col.) *Journal*:

We don't think history has recorded a more singular escape from death than occurred in Redwood Canyon last week. The male sex, who are an unfeeling lot, taken altogether, have severely criticised bustles, which are a most important part of the female wardrobe, but after reading this thrilling episode "forever hold their peace." A handsome young lady of sweet seventeen arrived from Arizona a couple of weeks ago and spent a very pleasant visit with friends in the above named canyon. One evening when the head of the family was away the milking naturally fell on the female portion of the household. The Arizona fair one at once offered to do her share, but the aunt protested. The protest was of no avail, however, and shortly afterward she started for the corral, pail in hand, a typical Maud Muller. The young lady was just in the act of milking when a ferocious bull spied her and at once started on the warpath. It was a critical position, and, as the bull came charging at her with lowered horns and blood in his eye, the young lady quietly dropped on the ground, face downward, and lay as still as death. This manœuvre was something new for the bull, and he was a moment nonplussed, but he soon recovered from his surprise and made for the prostrate maiden, and had it not been for that bustle that young lady never would have lived to tell this exciting experience. The bull gored that tenderly framed air castle, called a bustle, until it gave way and he retired with the trophy. The aunt saw the charge and was about to run in to assist when the brave girl called out to keep back or else both would be killed. As it turned out, the bull, after investigating the bustle, concluded that he had made a slight mistake and retired from the battle. Had the young lady started to run the bull would very likely have soon overtaken and killed her. Hereafter all young ladies should have an extra bustle in reserve when they go into the country and play the milkmaid act.

Explosion of a Bird.

Newton Tabor was digging a well at Pilot Point, Tex. To blast out the rock he used dynamate enclosed in small metallic capsules. In the course of his operations he deposited an open box of these dangerous capsules at the foot of a tree near where he was working. A ladder leaning against the tree reached up to a mockingbird's nest containing a young brood. His ten-year-old son, Dick, with a couple of the capsules in his hand, ascended the ladder, and, discovering the young birds with distended mouths, boy-like dropped the capsules, one at a time, in one bird's mouth. They forthwith disappeared in the bird's craw. This rendered the bird uncomfortable, and in a struggle for relief it fell from the nest. Upon striking the ground an explosion occurred which tore up the earth, dumped a quantity of the loose dirt and the fragments of rock piled around into the well, and came near killing Mr. Tabor, who was working down below. The boy fell from the ladder and was badly hurt, suffering the fracture of some bones. This shows what a boy will do when he gets a chance.

A Stream of Logs.

Homestake mine, near Deadwood, has a railroad twenty-two miles long to the pineries where fuel is obtained, and the road ends at the top of a high hill just above the mill. Here the wood is dumped into a chute made of heavy logs lined with iron. The logs descend with tremendous velocity and on reaching the mouth of the chute leap out into the air, pass over the mill, and land some 250 feet from the foot of the bluff. For hours a perfect stream of logs passes over the heads of the men at work below, and to a newcomer it seems sufficiently dangerous, but no accident ever occurred and one soon gets over the nervous feeling. Five thousand cords of wood are piled at a time by this arrangement, which saves tens of thousands of dollars annually to the company, disposing of 80,000 cords a year without any cost for piling.

Four Morals.

Here is the French story with four distinct morals: Four flies were in search of a breakfast. One found some jelly and regaled himself. The jelly was not genuine and the fly turned upon his back. The second fly seeing the fate of his friend, resolved to eat plain bread. But there was so much alum in the bread that he, too, turned over and breathed his last. The third fly attacked a glass of beer, but the aloes laid him out cold. The fourth fly, seeing that everything eatable was tampered with, resolved to commit suicide. He found some German fly-paper on which was inscribed "Death to flies!" He partook freely, but the more he ate the better he felt. He stuck to the fly-paper and lived to a good old age.

ENGLISH religious papers are again protesting against the over decoration of churches at harvest home festivals. At a recent festival in a Lancashire church the sacred edifice was about filled with sacks of potatoes and great quantities of beets, turnips, carrots, apples, pears, tomatoes and huge vegetable marrows. Altogether it looked more like a green grocer's shop than a church.

THE advice we have to offer to young men and maidens is, let your hair alone; keep at a safe distance from hairdressing rooms and drug shops, where are sold oils, alkaline substances, alcoholic mixtures, etc., for use upon the hair. They are all pernicious, and will do you harm.

JUMPING DOG, the Indian who fired the Chayenne Agency a few days ago, was captured on thursday night at Pierre, Dak. Next morning he attacked his guards and stabbed two of them to death with a pair of shears and then committed suicide.